

# CORONET

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hearing news for car-less Americans from a famous health authority

**WALK, BROTHER, WALK!** by Bernarr Macfadden

us the story behind "Terry and the Pirates" illustrated in full-color



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## Cover Girl

Summing up the bright expectancy of young lovelies the country over as they take their places in the ballroom for the graduation dance, Verna Knopf is sure to have a crowded program. But she's reserved this set for Coronet readers who liked her so well on our cover last August that they put in a bid for her return. She struck this pose for Lawson Studios before she left her career as a photographer's model and, movie-bound, went to Hollywood where she is now studying dramatic art.

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*When almost half the adult population of a country must leave home, what happens to the other half? This article gives the answer*

## ***The Coming Revolution in Morals***

by MICHAEL EVANS

THE GIRL named Marie will never win any headlines. Nobody will ever pin any medals on her. No Congressman will arise in the august halls of Washington to tell the world she gave her life in this war.

If you should tell Marie that she is a casualty of the world conflict, she would not know what you were talking about. She is not very bright and ideas like that are a little beyond her.

Marie is 18 years old. A year ago her father quit his job in the railroad shops and went to a new airplane plant at twice his old pay. Last summer Marie's mother died and her brother was called up in the Army, leaving her alone. Marie decided to go to a nearby city with a girl friend. A factory had been advertising for girls, promising "good wages." The girls found the factory jobs all taken so they went to work in a roadside tavern outside of town. The tavern

had a string of eight "tourist cabins" and business was good, especially on Friday and Saturday nights.

Louie paid his half dozen waitresses \$5 a week and "tips." By being "nice" to customers, the girls could make as much as \$25 a week. At first Marie sassed the customers when they got fresh, but the other girls told her not to be stupid; she could make lots of money if she used her head. It wasn't long before she was in it as deep as the rest of them. A couple of months later she got sick. Louie had a doctor look after her.

One day Louie said he had another job for her—in another city. Marie was there a month or so before she was sent to a third place—then a fourth.

By this time Marie realized what she was doing. She was a prostitute, working for a chain syndicate. She had had gonorrhea four times and

had been "cured" of syphilis by a quack. But she didn't care any more.

There is nothing unusual about the case of Marie. It has happened to thousands of young girls and may happen to thousands more for the duration. They are casualties of the war just as surely as if they had been wounded on the battlefield.

Dr. Thomas Parran, the courageous director of the U. S. Public Health Service, is one of what sometimes seems to be a mere handful of people in America who know what is happening to Marie—to the thousands of Maries. He is battling to do something about it.

*Parran is not a man to mince words.* He comes out of his corner fighting, to denounce commercial prostitution as the "No. 1 saboteur of the defense effort." Before war uprooted our population and concentrated millions of young men in camps, bases and factories, the professional prostitute was barely holding her own. Now the vice racket has blossomed into "one of the most expanded of our war industries."

It's a motor age industry, too—following the highways, with great clusters around the big Army camps and the roaring defense towns. Girls like Marie are recruited each week by the hundred—usually with little or no awareness of what they are getting into—at "feeder" stations like Louie's. Then they are transferred from place to place as business, chance and police interference dictate.

Parran estimates that prostitutes cause 75 per cent of venereal infections

today, warning that unless prompt action is taken, the tremendous gains of the past five years' fight will be wiped out.

Already, reports Parran, venereal disease has wasted more man capacity than all our labor troubles.

But there is another significance to the fungus spread of prostitution. The Maries of 1942 are a symptom—not a cause. They are a symptom of radical changes in our way of life.

Back home, millions of girls like Marie are left lonely and deserted. War factories—to say nothing of the armed forces—are pulling hundreds of thousands away from their homes. Social dislocations are tremendous.

This is a part of war's cost which cannot be reckoned. But we must add these thousands of home front casualties to Hitler's toll.

MANY YOUNG men and women feel that "we are here today and gone tomorrow." They are rushing into marriage almost as casually as they would buy a pack of cigarettes. A study by Douglas A. Thorn shows that marriages have jumped 25 per cent in New York City, 35 per cent in Boston. The national birth rate has bounced up to nearly 19 per 100,000—equal to the hot-house German birthrate of 1937. Most of the new mothers are young, inexperienced girls, whose husbands have left for war or war work. Forced to earn their own way, emotionally at sea, these mothers must tackle the baffling task of rearing children without a normal home.

Nor is this all. Later, as men are



drained from the civilian population, marriage and birth rates will drop. Our marriage rate dropped seven per cent in the World War. In Germany it fell 50 per cent. In France 70 per cent. The U. S. birthrate dropped 12 per cent. And the same thing will happen again. *Thorn estimates that by 1943, our total births will be slashed by 35,000.*

Social students cannot guess at the final picture. They can only suggest that the revolt from traditional sex relationships, the abandonment of time-honored customs will be far deeper this time than the eat-drink-and-be-merry-for-tomorrow-we-die philosophy bred by the last war.

Look back 22 years.

*The girl's hair is cut in a straight-across bob with just a suggestion of bangs. She sits at a small table with legs crossed and short skirt pulled above her knees. The young man across the table pulls out a pack of cigarettes and when he lights hers, she coughs a bit as inexperienced smokers are apt to do. The waiter comes up and sets two tea cups before them. They clink cups and drink.*

*"Damn good stuff," the girl says. "Let's get tight tonight."*

The time: 1920. The place: A New York speakeasy.

The World War produced the Jazz Age. It produced the flapper, the speakeasy, teacup gin, bobbed-hair, rouge-and-lipstick, short skirts, intimate dancing. It popularized "free love" and the "companionate marriage." For the first time in America the double standard of sex moral-

ity was challenged. A revolution in human behavior was touched off.

Any psychiatrist will tell you that sex relations, sex behavior and sex morality are intimately related to and influenced by psychological factors.

Take one simple but psychologically significant straw.

The last war put women into short skirts. But now women by the thousand are stepping out of their skirts into pants—trousers, slacks, call 'em what you will. A woman in pants and a man's haircut (the short "boyish" bob is coming back, too) not only looks like a man. She feels like a man. She decides things for herself.

Ernest H. Groves, the distinguished University of North Carolina investigator of social trends, believes U. S. women soon will start to keep their own names in marriage. Maybe that sounds piddling. But how would a man feel if, when he got married, his name was changed from Mr. John



Jones to Mr. Mary Smith? He'd get an inferiority complex, wouldn't he? Well, women have been doing that for years. It is just one custom of our male-dominated society. The day women start wearing pants and keeping their own names is a day when they near equality of sex with men.

THIS GROWING equality has even been tacitly recognized by the U.S. Army. For the first time, the Army is setting up a women's auxiliary corps under traditional military discipline. In this, America is merely confirming a trend evident in the war abroad. Russian women have gone into front lines to perform a multitude of functions though not, officially, at least, bearing arms in actual combat. In England, women ferry planes to fighting stations, repair tanks, fight fires. They handle almost any non-combat task.

Naturally, with young men and women standing shoulder to shoulder at Britain's fighting stations, there have been charges of promiscuous sex conduct. It would be surprising if traditional patterns of behavior survived in these times of stress. It would be more surprising if these young people permitted any outsider to tell them what was right and what was wrong.

America, however, probably will be spared the mass air raids which have incubated a host of headaches in England. "Shelter immorality" was a promising political issue there until the big raids tapered off. (However, social students are not too certain that crowded conditions in air raid shelters actually broke down public

morals. Some believe they merely brought a hidden condition into the open.)

In the last war American women won the right to work in factories, shops and offices—but on a discriminatory basis. They did the same jobs as men—for less pay. Even today women in top executive posts are rare. Professor Groves reports that of 654 women college graduates in business only 162 held jobs better than clerkships.

Social students expect this war to sweep most of these inequities into the discard.

Two great barriers to sex freedom for women have been physical, not moral. They have been fear of disease and fear of pregnancy.

These fears now stand on the threshold of disappearance. If war's disruptive effects can be cured, if Dr. Parran and his workers can control cases spread by prostitution, there is reasonable hope that the next five years can chalk up virtual elimination of venereal disease from America.

Public health workers now have powerful weapons for attacking venereal plagues. They have arsenical and bismuth compounds which will cure 95 per cent of syphilis and render victims almost immediately non-infectious. They have (and this is new) sulfa compounds which knock out gonorrhea at double quick time. Means are at hand to promote a venereal-free country.

Technically, birth control is in much the same situation. Slowly but surely the use and training of the pop-

ulation in birth control techniques is becoming a state public health function.

At the same time, the war has accelerated expansion of state services to lighten the burden on women and families. Clinics, nurseries, kindergartens, nursing care and advice are provided for working mothers. These forces are shattering the traditional family pattern. The state, in the form of the trained social worker, nurse or child specialist, is taking over more and more of a mother's normal duties.

These measures are a partial government answer to the crisis in social and sex relations. There probably will be other attempts of the type already common in Europe—bounties for babies, punitive tax rates against single men and single women, lower taxes to encourage expansion of families.

Whether these measures will keep pace with the sex revolution cannot yet be predicted. But of this there can be no doubt—a sex revolution is underway.

INDEPENDENT

### ***Britannia Rules the Waves***

THE NAZI crew of a sinking German raider was transferred to a British vessel, where officers were separated from the sailors, in accordance with the rules of war. British officers were reminded that the captives were to be treated "just as if they were gentlemen."



The next day a German officer was sporting a beautiful shiner. The British captain was enraged.

"Who did that?" he furiously asked the damaged Nazi.

One of the younger British officers was named by the victim, and was called to task immediately.

"You are a disgrace to His Majesty's Navy! What have you to say in defense of yourself?"

"Well, sir, this morning, as I came up on deck, I met this chap behind the aft turret. Before I had a chance to say even 'Good Morning', he said to me:

"'God damn the King!'

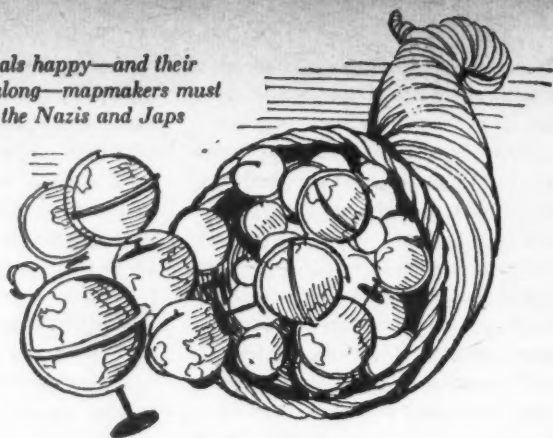
"Well, I controlled myself, and said nothing. Then he came closer to me, stuck his face up to mine, and yelled:

"'To hell with the Queen!'

"That was almost impossible to bear, but still I remembered that I am a British officer and controlled myself. But then he walked over to the parapet, grinned at me contemptuously, and spat into our ocean! That sir, was too much. It was then that I lost my temper!"

—CHARLES DERRICOTT

*To keep armchair generals happy—and their own business booming along—mapmakers must stay one guess ahead of the Nazis and Japs*



## **Mapmakers at War**

by WELDON MELICK

THE JAPS aren't specializing in constructive projects these days, but it can't be denied that they've put the globe business on the map—and the map business on a sound financial basis.

Globe and atlas companies had prepared for doubled sales volume last Christmas, but there was such an unprecedented demand on December 8 that by noon of the next day it was almost impossible to buy a globe of any description. Globe manufacturers promptly went on double shifts, but none of them have caught up with orders yet. Business is still about 1,300 per cent over normal.

The Rand McNally Company of Chicago had just printed a stock of Hawaiian maps that would have lasted two years, but for the Japs. It was gone two days after Pearl Harbor, and another printing the same week, large enough to supply the ordinary

market for 50 years to come, was exhausted in one day.

Filling the deluge of map orders has been comparatively simple—stock maps can be run off in a few hours. But globes are different. You can't bounce out a supply of globes like a five-star final. In fact manufacturers like the Replogle Globe Company of Chicago take all year to build up their stock for Christmas, because the business has heretofore been seasonal, and globe-mounting is a tedious, highly-specialized skill.

Globes had long been primarily a gift item, with manufacturers vainly trying to widen the market.<sup>1</sup> To add to their woes, Hitler's early invasions decreased sales by 70 per cent, since no one wanted to buy a product that a blitzkrieg might make obsolete in a week. But gradually people realized they were doing without a geographical tool just when it would be of

most use. And when leading merchants promised to bring atlases and globes up-to-date as soon as the war is over (with map supplements and decalcomania patches), the rush was on. And on December 8, it became a stampede.

THE REASON a terrestrial globe is necessary to follow developments, news analysts point out, is that the fighting covers so many far-flung fronts that news reports are a jumble of meaningless names unless one can locate scenes of new attacks from day to day, and correlate them with long-view strategy. It is impossible to do this with flat maps alone. Every flat map of a large area is distorted. Try to lay a whole grapefruit peel down flat in a rectangle, and you will soon realize why.

For instance, on a flat map, the route of fliers who go north from the United States to the Orient seems the longest way to get there. On a globe, it's at once apparent that the most direct route from the United States to Asia is across the North Pole.

Of course a globe can never take the place of a flat map for close study of a limited area. Nevertheless, care should be taken to choose a flat map with the least objectionable distortion. Also, be careful not to make unconscious comparisons from two flat maps which aren't drawn to the same scale.

The first World War boomed map sales, but the demand was for European detail maps primarily, with world maps as a supplementary item. This order has been reversed by the

present conflict. Outline maps with a washable surface are particularly popular—armchair generals use colored map-marking pencils for daily revisions. Red is usually chosen to keep track of Axis movements (perhaps an unconscious suggestion of blood); blue commonly betokens Allied positions.

To serve the purposes of an amateur strategist, any wall map can be mounted and given a washable surface, usually with a spray of clear lacquer or varnish. Another convenient way of visualizing battle maneuvers is with map tacks, which come in all colors and color combinations. Some hobbyists even use an elastic cord with map-tacks to show a battle-line.

Whole sets of maps formerly used only by schools and libraries are now being sold for papering dens and rum-pus rooms. One man who entertains a lot, has the walls of his breakfast room covered with maps. He says no matter where a party starts, it ends in the breakfast room with the guests practically climbing the walls in their excitement over various theories of strategy. Interior decorators are using maps on table tops, ceilings, screens, windowshades, and rugs, and globes for chandeliers.

A popular fallacy is that the geographical companies are tearing their hair revising their maps every day to keep up with Hitler. The fact is they were revising their maps every day in peace time—but with the advent of war, they stopped. The face of a peaceful country changes every day: railroads are built or discontinued; highways are constructed and num-



bering systems altered. Many a town decides to change its name or the spelling of its name. At least 1,000 towns spring up in the U. S. each year and as many more die. It costs Rand McNally \$20,000 to \$40,000 to keep up with 25,000 changes each year in the United States alone.

But in wartime, economic growth is stalled. Borders can't be officially moved until peace conferences after the war, although bloodless boundary changes ratified by treaty are immediately shown on maps.

Besides, there's a question whether the outdated set of maps isn't, after all, the best study aid. Customers who insist on a strictly up-to-date map of Europe invariably inspect it to make sure—and then ask where the boundaries of Czechoslovakia and Austria were before the blitz.

In cases of border disputes which last for years, an atlas will usually indicate the disputed territory. Maps of South America, for instance, until recently showed no boundary between Peru and Ecuador—but just a pink smudge attesting that Peru wanted five-sixths of what Ecuador thought

was Ecuador, and conversely, Ecuador believed a trifling mistake of 117,000 miles had been made on the other side of the ledger.

A New York business firm achieved a master faux pas when it gave Rand McNally a large order for calendars featuring a map of South America, and neglected to mention that it intended to distribute them there as a good-will gesture. The map was an artistic triumph of cartographic accuracy—border dispute and all—but neither Peru nor Ecuador would permit a single copy within their disputed borders. Until the recent truce, both nations had used different maps.

EVEN THOUGH the commercial map-makers don't have to change a border every time an army crosses it, developments at the front do necessitate ever-changing interpretations of war-zone maps. For instance, Kota Bharu, the airport town in the Malay States where the Japs based operations for the drive to Singapore, is a small spot that wouldn't ordinarily appear on a map of the Pacific, but to have left it off when it was so much in the news would have occasioned more criticism than omitting Melbourne, Australia. Similarly, Tobruk hadn't been designated on maps of Libya until war placed it in the limelight.

When the time comes for revising maps after the war, boundary changes will be a simple detail of draftsmanship and plate-patching, but all the cities in territory that changes hands will have to be spelled differently. For instance, *Warsaw* will be spelled

---

*Weldon Melick, who wrote so understandingly about the Quiz Kids in March Coronet, was something of a prodigy himself. Starting school at seven, he entered the University of Nebraska at barely 15 and was writing for magazines and radio at 17. At 20 he was the youngest writer under contract in the film industry. At present he divides his time between writing magazine articles, tossing off radio and screen scripts, and (he says) collecting traffic tickets with his red, white and blue supercharged custom speedster.*





*Warchau* if it's on the German side of the fence after the war, *Warszawa* if it goes back to Poland, and *Varshava* if it's in the Soviet Union. Incidentally, an official of Rand McNally prevailed upon the latter government to approve officially of a contraction, since "The Union of Socialist Soviet Republics" looks too cumbersome on a map in its correct proportion.

A MAP, since it may represent a \$3,000 to \$20,000 investment, and the work of 50 or 60 people, is protected by copyright. Not even a newspaper may use a base map of a commercial mapmaker's without paying royalty for it. There are few infringement cases, because the pirates can so easily be caught red-handed with stolen errors which are the exclusive property of the originator.

Thus the whim of a bored draftsman in spelling his own name backwards on an insignificant lake may be the means of winning an infringement suit if the pirate has inadvertently copied his doodling. However, it isn't necessary to resort to intentional errata. When you have a quarter of a million characters and sym-

bols on a single page, some mistakes are bound to creep in.

Such matters, though, are very minor headaches in the map industry compared to the real problems of raw materials and priorities. Today substitutes have had to be found for practically everything that goes into the making of a globe—including some of the workmen who make them!

The trouble this entails may be imagined from the fact that even with the finest materials, mathematical allowances must be made in globe map drawings for the stretch of the paper as it is mounted; and the paper surfaces themselves often have to be redesigned as many as 15 times before exact specifications are met. Then inks have to be found to conform to the properties of each paper—otherwise they dry too fast, shrinking the paper and throwing the other plates out of register, or dry too slowly and smear.

But even without a war, map-making has been and will continue to be a hectic business. In the course of a normal day, a company may be asked to plot a course for a balloon race or an around-the-world flier, waterproof

and mount maps for an expedition into the Belgian Congo, or satisfy someone's curiosity about a spot in the Gibson desert called "Buzoe's Grave" which has appeared on maps of Australia for the past 75 years. In the latter case, a letter to Melbourne and considerable research there disclosed the fact that the explorer who originally mapped the Australian desert had a riding cow named Buzoe, who immortalized the spot in question by sitting on it one day and dying of old age.

Recently, a loyal Rhode Island citizen complained to Rand McNally that his state was too small, and wanted the company to move the boundaries. Such overestimation of a map-maker's powers reflects a rather common misconception. The company was besieged by irate American-Chinese to give Manchuria back to China, after maps first showed its metamorphosis into Japanese Manchukuo.

When a newsbreak in a foreign country brings some outpost into the international limelight, and their own limited files don't yield what they want, newspapers and radio stations scream for help from Rand McNally's collection of 100,000 reference maps. But all this war stuff is tame, say the cartographers, compared with a news-

paper geographical contest. Within two hours after such a contest of any Chicago newspaper hits the streets, the Rand McNally switchboard is swamped with queries such as how a certain lake in Argentina would be spelled in an old French atlas.

Crossword puzzle addicts keep this sort of thing going the year around, and people are always seeking geographical information "to settle a bet." Others just try to see if they can stump the experts.

"I'll bet you don't know where Laterriere is," someone will challenge on the phone, gloatingly. Helmuth Bay, assistant chief cartographer, likes to confound such tricksters by carrying on a conversation with them, pretending not to catch the name of the place, until he has actually located it in the atlas at his elbow. Then when they start to spell it out, he'll butt in, "Oh, do you mean Laterriere—that little town in Quebec near Chicoutimi on the Saguenay River?"

"How did you know?" asks the disappointed voice.

"I've been there," Bay always answers innocently.

—*Suggestion for further reading:*

GEOGRAPHY AND WORLD POWER

by James Fairgrieve

E. P. Dutton & Company, Inc., New York

\$2.50

### **Sermons in Brief**

**Bob Burns:** "There'll never be any real progress in prison reform until they start sending a better class of people to jail."

**Mrs. Ida B. Wise Smith** (President, WCTU): "A soldier plus alcohol plus sex equals trouble and always will."

## Forgotten Mysteries



*Tales like these have no place in a reasonable world. Told by reliable witnesses but unbelievable nevertheless, they are easier to forget than to explain*

• • • Captain W. E. Parry, famous for arctic exploration, conducted an inexplicable experiment while he was ice-locked near Melville Peninsula during the winter of 1822.

He decided to ascertain whether extremely low temperatures would have any effects upon the speed of sound. A small cannon was set up on a frozen lake on the Melville Peninsula. Parry and a number of his officers stationed themselves 5,645 feet from the gun and carefully timed the period between the flash and the instant the sound of the shot was heard.

During one of these experiments, taking place on February 9, 1822, a peculiar circumstance was noted. Several times the command, "Fire!" was distinctly heard by the observers *after* the report of the gun. No one could explain this apparent violation of fundamental scientific law, and although a storm of pamphlets and brochures

raged around the case for a number of years, no one has ever been able to solve the puzzle.



• • • At six o'clock on a summer evening in 1759, Emanuel Swedenborg, world renowned scientist and philosopher, said to a friend whom he was visiting in Gottenburg that there was a great fire burning in Stockholm. He stated that the house of a mutual acquaintance was being destroyed. At eight o'clock of the same evening, Swedenborg declared that the fire had been stopped only three doors from his own house.

It is 300 miles from Gottenburg to Stockholm. At that time, in the middle of the eighteenth century, there was no normal means by which the news of the fire could have reached Sweden-

borg. Yet, even to the minutest detail, the fire occurred exactly as he described it. The facts of the case were recorded at the time, and are excellently attested. They may be found in any standard work on Swedenborg.



• • • Pierre van Paassen relates this incident in *Days of Our Years*.

During the winter of 1929, when van Paassen was living in Bourg-en-Forêt, France, he saw a black dog pass him on the stairs. The house was searched, but no dog was found. The next night the dog was seen again.

Van Paassen then left on a trip; on his return he found his household greatly excited. Several persons had seen the mysterious dog. Van Paassen, together with two neighbors, M. Grèvecoeur and Grèvecoeur's son, kept watch the following night. The dog duly appeared at the head of the stairs. Van Paassen whistled. The dog wagged his tail. All three men ran forward. As they did so, the outline of the animal grew fainter, and it vanished.

Two evenings later Van Paassen, with his two police dogs beside him, waited for the phantom. It appeared at the usual hour, came halfway down the stairs, and again faded away. A moment later both his dogs seemed to be struggling with some invisible adversary. Then one dog fell dead. Investigation revealed that he had suffered no apparent injury.

In desperation van Paassen called

a priest, the Abbé de la Roudaire, who waited with him the following night. When the dog appeared, the priest looked straight at the apparition; then he took a step forward. The dog gave a low growl. Then its outline became hazy and presently it vanished. "This is over," the abbé said, then added, "Poltergeist."\* The dog was never seen again.



• • • What is probably the world's weirdest interview took place in the house of Rev. Samuel Wesley, father of John Wesley, founder of Methodism. At the time, Wesley's Epworth Rectory was haunted by one of history's best attested ghosts. It groaned, rapped, threw rocks and caused Wesley's knife "to dance on the table at dinner."

The churchman—who would gladly have crossed swords with the devil himself—"invited the agency to come into the study." Wesley began an interview *with an empty room*, and was at once violently pushed about and banged against his desk. Strange sounds, apparently emanating from the air, filled the study. A chair was thrown across the room.

And there the "interview" ended. Rev. Wesley stated he was convinced some unseen presence had met him in his study, that certainly some supernatural force pushed him about.

—R. DEWITT MILLER

\*A ghost or spirit which manifests its presence by noises, knockings, etc.



*To the empty-one million Americans who must substitute feel for flippers for the duration, this famous health authority brings good news*

## **Walk, Brother, Walk!**

by BERNARR MACFADDEN

NOW, WITH THE horse and buggy coming once more into its own, it begins to look as though we shall have to take stock of all our means of locomotion.

Now, perhaps for the first time, Johnnie Q. Public is going to realize that those feet of his can actually be made to move—can actually get him around.

Now, instead of working himself into a daily lather, figuring out ingenious ways and means of parking his car just to save that one-half block of walking, he will no longer have any problem at all and will—we hope—literally “take it in his stride.”

Because if you really want to live in the truer sense of the word, feel the stimulating fervor of being alive to your fingertips, acquire the walking habit. WALK! WALK! WALK!

My friend, Jim Hocking, is now past 84 years of age. He is as straight

as an arrow, looks like 60, and only a few months ago walked 55 miles in one day. The average reader will consider one mile a long walk and that distance will make a good beginning.

But walk with a swinging stride; with a soldierly bearing; with frequent deep breaths, expanding from the stomach region upward. Extend your distance slightly each day and then feel the natural intoxication which makes every day a new and sometimes an exciting experience.

Walking is nothing but a continuous falling forward process. Stand erect. Let your body fall forward; each step is an endeavor to balance your forward movement. But step out. Stretch your legs a good distance at each step.

My favorite exercise is walking. And my favorite story about walking is O. Henry's about the hypochondriac who came to the mountains a mental

and physical wreck from overwork. He listened eagerly to the local medicine man, who spun him a marvelous yarn about a certain rare blue flower which grew in those parts and would cure anything from pip to pellagra. The sage suggested that they go looking for it without delay. They did. All day long, for days and weeks, they scrambled through those mountains. The sick man nearly walked his legs off. He came home at night so tired he was barely able to creep to bed.

Never did he find that mythical blue flower. But he did find health. One day he was astounded by the realization that he was a well man. The local sage had cured him by a prescription that was simple horse sense—walking!

I HAVE LONG been sure of what this walking therapy would do because I have for many years taken my own medicine, in the form of from 5 to 10 miles of walking a day. It keeps me in top condition. And because it is so simple, so natural a use of the body, and fits so readily into the ordinary routines of living, I have come to consider it superior, as an all-purpose conditioner, to any other sort of exercise—though I have tried all kinds.

The adaptability of walking to the exercise needs of practically everybody should give it an important place in the projects now on foot for improving the general health of the American people as a factor in our great all-out war program. When I hear about this or that system of setting-up

exercises advocated by this or that leader in sports or in physical education, I can't but wonder why they do not more emphatically call attention to walking as something everybody can do without resorting to diagrams, prescribed movements, gym classes or expensive sports equipment.

I do not mean by this to underrate the value of calisthenics, games and sports. I am strongly in favor of all three for persons who have the time and inclination for them. But to try to get busy people to take time off for such things is a waste of breath. Only an exceptional person can be persuaded to devote 15 minutes a day to setting-up exercises, while sports and games take time, and often call for special equipment.

Yet there are many who would benefit immeasurably if they could find a kind of exercise they could take without fuss, without expense, and without a necessarily fixed routine. And I submit that walking is just such an exercise.

Almost everybody can work a surprising amount of brisk walking into his day's schedule with a minimum of planning and will power, a maximum of interest and pleasure. Walking to work, or part way to work, is one familiar expedient among city and town dwellers.

For a great many Americans a fairly consistent application of the motto, "Don't ride—walk!" would insure at least a few miles a day of walking; and the effectiveness of it would depend upon walking briskly and with good posture. None of this is difficult or



even boring; on the contrary it is easy and can readily become interesting, even to persons who think they don't care about walking. The trouble with most such persons is simply that they have never *tried* to explore its possibilities.

For walking has a fascination of its own for anybody with a receptive mind. A walk down the streets of a town or city is full of interest because it is packed with human contacts. No need to take exercise under such conditions as if it were a dose of castor oil. And all this is probably even truer of walks in the country.

To those who forget about their legs and use their minds as they walk, and who convert the whole occasion into a tour of observation, walking need not be thought of as "exercise" at all.

For mental and emotional values in walking are as much a health factor as the physical benefits. There are special values in solitary walking for the person who needs to think about his various problems. But walking may have social values too; and it is seldom that a person who wants a companion on his walks can't find a friend ready to go along.

At my hotel in Dansville, New York, I long ago established social before-breakfast hikes through the hills of that lovely region. Those who, in an impulsive moment the night before, committed themselves to the hike would often show up a bit cross at having to get up for the six-thirty start; but they were invariably as-

tounded at what happened to them as a result of an hour and a half of rambling up hill and down dale; breathing deep of the clean early morning air.

The 20 or 30 persons who went along would split up spontaneously into congenial groups or pairs. They found it all so pleasant that time went by on wings. There is more to that sort of thing than "exercise."

I have had the same sort of experience, on a bigger scale, in the long distance hikes I first organized in 1935, first between New York City and Dansville, and later between other points. On these hikes we usually covered a distance of about 300 miles in two weeks, at an average rate of about 20 miles a day.

I furnished one meal a day composed of cracked wheat, dried fruit, and milk. The hikers ate their other meals at hotels and restaurants as we

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*In the old days, critics of Bernarr Macfadden would pan him gently by emphasizing the middle syllable of his last name. Others, less gentle, recommended sending him to jail. In fact, Mr. Macfadden was sentenced to a year in the Atlanta Penitentiary for publishing an article on syphilis. The sentence was later suspended by President Taft. Today, typical Macfaddenisms—orange juice and sunlight for health, corsetless women—are considered just about as faddish as social security and a two-ocean navy. Mr. Macfadden himself has been raised in public estimation from the status of a health crank to that of an eminently constructive force in our current public health movement. His title: National Coordinator of Hiking and Walking, Division of Physical Fitness, "Hale America Committee," OGD.*

went along. The newspapers got a lot of fun out of this annual enterprise, particularly at first. They dubbed it the "Cracked Wheat Derby," gave me a good-natured ribbing, and implied to all and sundry that it was just another of Macfadden's fads. All of which I enjoyed very much. But I couldn't help wishing these same newspapers had also taken notice of some of the miraculous things that happened to the men and women who made the hikes.

Most of them followed my suggestion that they train for the hike ahead of time by walking five miles a day at first and gradually working up until, by the time they joined the hike, they were good for 20 a day, with feet already toughened sufficiently to carry them through. Even with this preliminary training, some of them had to grit their teeth during the first few days and hang on.

After a few days, however, something wonderful happened to them, and before the end of the hike they were walking as if they had wings on their heels. They learned for the first time what it really means to be a walker—to move along with effortless ease, and with the feeling of having strength to spare. There are few of us indeed who know what that sensation is like. We know it in childhood, but in our loggy adult years, we forget it.

In the New York World's Fair we had a two-part hike; the first lap was from Philadelphia to Dansville, the second from Dansville to the World's Fair grounds, a total distance of 600

miles. One of the men who started from Philadelphia and saw it through to the World's Fair in 30 days of walking, was a six footer who started out with 227 pounds and weighed 175 pounds of solid bone and muscle when he finished—to all intents and purposes a new man. Don't think it was easy at first. He paid. But it was cheap at the price.

ALMOST invariably this persistent walking has the effect of normalizing people's weight. The fat ones reduce; the thin ones put on weight in the form of muscles. I remember one scrawny young girl, for instance, who put on 13 pounds by 300 miles of hiking. That was almost a pound a day; whereas the man who dropped from 227 pounds to 175 in 30 days, a difference of 52 pounds, sweated off and burned up not far from an average of two pounds a day. And he didn't do any dieting either.

We had a woman on the 1937 hike—a typical hypochondriac with a "shot" nervous system. She was a headache to the whole company during the first few days, but day by day she shed her nervousness and the querulous note in her voice faded. Gradually she began to show flashes of humor—we even found she could sing. And when we finally reached Dansville she wept—not from nerves, but because the hike was over. Show me the sanitarium or rest cure that could have matched *that* result in two weeks.

Here then, in conclusion, are my "reasons why" for walking:

First, walking is, for nearly all persons, the safest, most foolproof kind of exercise there is. It is almost impossible for anybody in reasonably sound condition to overdo it to the point of injuring vital organs:

Second, it is a slow, gentle, definite form of stimulation for all the functions of the body. It is not concentrated. It calls for the use of those large muscles of the body whose activity makes demands on the vital organs and gently impels them toward vigorous functioning.

Third, by normalizing the body, it quiets the nerves and normalizes the mind. A wise doctor once said to me, "When I have a nervous patient, I prescribe exercises that call on the big muscles of the body. And walking is the best of the lot."

Fourth, walking is the most *natural* kind of exercise there is. Everybody who isn't bedridden does it to some extent; and, to make a really beneficial thing of it, one merely needs to do it some more.

Fifth, walking over rough country

or on the sands of an ocean beach is one of the best possible restorative exercises for ailing feet. In fact, any kind of walking, properly managed, in the right kind of shoes, is good for ailing feet.

Sixth, brisk walking over long distances automatically tends to correct bad posture.

Those are six good reasons for walking. And the seventh, eighth, ninth and tenth reasons are to walk not only for your own good but for the good of your country. We cannot afford, in this national emergency, the waste of billions of hours of manpower which results from disabilities which largely could be avoided if we lived right. Any person who is doing half or three-fourths of the work he could be doing if he felt better and were on his toes, is short-changing both himself and his country at a time when he should be giving everything he's got.

If these reasons are not enough for you, do what I did—take a walk and find out!



### ***News from Norway***

A MAN WAS arrested by the Gestapo for muttering to himself. He denied expressing anti-Nazi thoughts.

"On the contrary," he said, "I'm out of work and I was only telling myself I'd much rather work for 10,000 Germans than for one Englishman."

Mollified, the officers offered to help him find a job. His profession? "A grave-digger."

—CARLETON SMITH

*Make War on Waste and Win the War has become the battle cry along America's home front. And here's how you can do your part!*



## **Salvage for Offense**

by KEITH AYLING

**F**OR A LONG TIME people have been talking about salvage, but it remained for Mrs. John Morris-Curtis of Summit, New Jersey, to do something about it.

Eighteen months ago, Mrs. Curtis, rebelling against America's domestic and commercial wastefulness while so many were in desperate need, began a career of converting household waste into useful articles for the needy. Her only rule was that each article she made be clean and attractive. With the help of two friends, she set out to produce and distribute these articles made from waste to the needy both at home and abroad.

Today, with 2,000 group workers plus a house that she has salvaged and no operating costs save for telephone, Mrs. Curtis' hobby has boomed into a large-scale enterprise. From household waste and factory left-overs she and her workers have,

to date, created over 78,000 useful garments of all kinds, including 2,500 attractive quilts and blankets.

America needs more people like Mrs. Curtis to show just what a house can yield and not miss anything. For today America needs *all* your waste products. Our nation, with the biggest constant supply of junk in the world, is at last waking up to its hidden wealth. For years the junkman has been collecting scrap—scrap which ultimately went to the foreign countries we are now fighting.

But times have changed. Today, short of rubber, metals and manufacturing time, Uncle Sam wants you to turn out all your household waste. He wants you to keep it flowing to the production lines via the junkman, the local Boy Scouts, the Salvation Army, the Woman's Voluntary Service or any other local organization that handles the work of collection.

And the materials he wants most urgently are scrap metal, waste paper, rubber and fabrics.

This material must get back to industry as soon as possible, and that is where the established salvage dealers are doing a tremendously vital job for Uncle Sam.

AS SOON AS junk is brought to them via the junkman or a non-profit collection agency, it is sorted and classified. Hundreds of men work at this job. All day long there is a constant jangle of telephone orders: General Motors needs one kind of metal; a firm casting airplane parts needs another. And so the shipping department gets busy, and from the long rows of neatly assembled scrap, the urgently needed material is selected, weighed and promptly dispatched to be made into vital supplies.

Incidentally, don't be afraid to deal with the junkman who takes your stuff away in a little barrow. He won't leave it lying around in some corner—nor can he profiteer. The big dealers will pay him a fair price for his wares and, as fast as he can collect it, send him out to fill his little cart again. Some of the bigger scrap dealers appreciate their responsibility to the government to such an extent that they send out special corps of agents to whip up the small junkmen and see that they turn in their loads daily.

I met my junkman this week. His cart was piled perilously with a fascinating conglomeration of household disgorgements. He offered me defense stamps for my junk. "You can have

*Britisher Keith Ayling has been in this country just a year, during which he has produced a ream of magazine articles (including his Glamour with Guts in January Coronet), a successful book on the R.A.F. and a series of lectures on civilian defense. Despite this feverish activity, Mr. Ayling has maintained the traditional Anglo-Saxon calm—of which he has a tale. As a young reporter, he was sent to cover an airplane crash in a lonely part of England. He got there to find the other correspondent from his paper, a local man, busy weeding his garden several miles from the wreck. Ayling scolded his colleague for not having sent the story in. "But there's no story," said the local man. "They're all dead, and the editor always told me a story's no good without an interview."*

cash if you like, but I'm doing a good business in stamps," he said. "Saves standing in line at the post office."

There is a billion dollars of war material in American homes. Your house is probably a miniature arsenal of democracy in needed raw material. British housewives alone provided metal to build 20,000 tanks in one month's scrap metal drive. To Britain's voluntary junk heaps went every conceivable metal object—old automobiles, bicycles, thousands of iron bedsteads, toys, bronze figures, outmoded clocks, tin cans, old kitchen utensils, everything that was metal and not in vital use. Today, even under the strictest condition of war-time living, each group of 100 homes produces a ton of useful waste material each week.

Of the 16 different kinds of scrap







carefully reprocessed—then reappear as uniforms, blankets, roof coverings, packing cases for delicate instruments and food bags.

Some material you may have will be nothing but rags in the strictest sense of the word. Turn them out. They will be washed, sorted and perhaps shredded, and go to the machine departments to be used for engine cleaning. After that they may be cleaned again and used as wads for heavy cannon, powder bags or manufactured into composition packing materials. In wartime old rags never fade away—they just get cleaned and used again.

And don't be kind to old hats! That old felt *capeline* is worth its weight in utility. It will make the lining for a box of optical instruments, or roof a soldier's hut somewhere. Even your exotic out-of-date hats are useful. Veils make excellent cleaning rags, and ribbons can get themselves made over and come out in useful guise.

Rubber is now America's pressing problem. You will have to go without it as well as give what you can spare. Turn in any old tires, rubber mats, hot water bottles and such.

More than a third of the rubber used in armaments can be quickly

converted from household and automobile scrap. Rubber goes into tanks, airplanes, battleships and trucks. It makes airmen's clothing, ground sheets, rubber boats, pontoons for bridges, waterproof coverings for aircraft and insulation material.

To your tidbits for the production line add old typewriter spools, metal wastepaper bins, brass candlesticks, electrical fittings, razor blades, lipstick cases, battered filing cabinets and anything that has metal. At the moment the Government isn't asking for tin cans, but turn them out just the same—a practical method has been found for reclaiming all the metal in them. And 12 such reprocessing plants are being put in action.

WITH ALL the waste metal gone from the home you can turn to the easier task—getting rid of waste paper. Paper has more uses than can be enumerated here. Waste paper can provide a third of the material needed to make new paper. The government uses paper for shell containers, cartons for clothing, boxes for medical supplies, targets for gunnery practice and dust covers for instruments and engines.

All paper is useful. Newsprint can be cleaned and repulped for as little



as \$6 a ton. Put out your cardboard cartons and your packing materials. Even an envelope is useful. One envelope will make the wad for a cartridge. A pursuit ship gets rid of its bullets at about 9,000 rounds a minute. That means 9,000 envelopes.

The best way to distribute your waste paper, the authorities say, is to pile your newspaper flat, collapse your cartons and tie them in good sized bundles, according to their size. Put envelopes and letters and other paper scrap in a box apart.

People living in coastal areas that are subject to bombardment from the air will render themselves a service by ridding their lumber rooms and attics of all paper and inflammable junk. Apart from its value to the government, your eliminating it will help make the house fireproof.

And bones! The German *hausfrau*

hasn't had more than a temporary lease on a bone for years, and the British take pains to see that the family pooch doesn't bury it after he's had his last lick. Out of bones come glue for airplanes, glycerine for explosives, fertilizer for hard-pressed farmers. Officially America hasn't asked for bones yet, either, but see that your junkman gets your soup and chop bones before they land in your garden.

Your house cleaned out of useful junk, you'll have a thrill when you see bombers flying and troops marching—like the girl who wrote to her young man in camp after she had seen a newsreel showing old automobiles being pressed into junk metal for war plants. "Wouldn't it be romantic if your old jalopy was made into the tin hat they give you and it saved your life?" she penned.

So remember: Salvage for Offense!



### **Barbecue**

SOME time ago a flight of British bombers visited a huge German munitions plant on the outskirts of the Danish town of Skive. Next day all Danish papers were ordered by Doctor Goebbels to carry this official German communique:

"Skive . . . This peaceful and undefended town today was raided by a small number of enemy planes. The English ruffians were obviously trying to hit purely non-military objectives, but their marksmanship was so bad that only a cow was destroyed during the entire attack."

This account of the raid was dutifully printed in all newspapers throughout Denmark. The local Skive *Folkbladet*, however, innocently added the following sentence:

"The cow burned for four days."

—LEWIS THOMPSON



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by HOWARD WHITMAN

FIVE YEARS ago when Milton Caniff, creator of the comic strip, *Terry and the Pirates*, began portending the growing Japanese menace, some readers scoffed. A few were irate. But most of them, like those who read Jules Verne's fictional prediction of the submarine, figured it was just fairytale stuff and passed on.

Into Terry's adventures in China, Caniff wove the war motif without naming the Japanese, as Japanese, until after Pearl Harbor. He simply called them "the invader." But beyond that he made no effort to disguise them. They wore Japanese uniforms and their flag was the flag of Japan. After Pearl Harbor, not even the transparent subtlety of "the invader" was necessary. Caniff started calling them Japs, as he would have called them from the beginning but for this country's neutrality and the desire of many editors to keep foreign

entanglements off the funny pages.

Long before German-Japanese collaboration in the Far East was a known fact, stiff, monocled German officers appeared in the story of Terry in diabolical roles as confederates of "the invader." Caniff hit the nail on the head. We can say this in looking backward, but at the time he was on dangerous ground and he knew it.

"If we ever get you, we'll tear you apart," wrote a reader in Yorkville, New York's German colony. There were other warnings, equally formidable. Even sincere, intelligent people occasionally took exception. But Caniff held on to his ideas.

"I felt it in my bones that German-Jap collaboration had to come. It was all going to be one big war, anyway, and that was the natural course of things," Caniff remarks.

One day he dreamed up a new military trick, consisting of amplifying

the sound of machine guns and artillery in order to make the enemy think a much heavier force was attacking. He worked it into the comic strip. By amazing coincidence, the day after that particular strip appeared, dispatches from the Russo-German front told of that exact trick being used in the actual war. Then there was the time he drew a sequence involving a "torpedo raft." This was an innocent looking raft with a shirt waving from it to attract rescuers; on top of the raft were sprawled some men, looking as if they were half dead from days on the open sea. But these men—with the exception of Terry, who was chained to it—were stuffed dummies, and beneath the raft, under the water's surface, were deadly torpedoes ready to tear into any rescue ship that came close enough. Caniff had the decoy worked out to the last detail, with magnetic releases on the torpedo tubes so that the presence of the metal hull of a rescue ship would fire the torpedoes point-blank.

A few days after the strips appeared, an official letter came to Caniff from the Navy Department in Washington. "If you ever get any more ideas like this one, please let us know before you put them in the funny paper," it said in effect. Apparently Caniff had something there.

*Terry and the Pirates* was born in 1934. Caniff was drawing comics for the Associated Press, when he received an invitation to move his inkwell to the Chicago Tribune-New York News Syndicate.

"We want an adventure story, laid

in the Orient," the syndicate chiefs told him.

Chinese river pirates provided the spring board for the story. Operating on the lazy, yellowish rivers, these pirates, as they had for thousands of years before, preyed upon rich farmers who were trying to get their produce to market. In many cases, the tradition had been handed down from father to son, and in some few instances, daughters had taken over.

A woman pirate! There, at least, was something to start drawing about. But there was more to Caniff's order: There were to be juvenile appeal for the kids, love interest for the grown-ups, and enough cliff-hanging adventure to make everybody in the family want to grab the funnies first.

Caniff listed 50 title suggestions and sent them in to the syndicate chiefs. When the list came back, "Terry" was checked and the words "and the Pirates" were penciled in after it.

TERRY LEE, whose last name derives from the fact that Caniff was reading a biography of Robert E. Lee when the strip started, is an American youngster, who goes to the Orient with handsome Pat Ryan, his tutor. The two get off a boat in China and commence searching for a secret mine, which, incidentally, they never find but easily forget about in the welter of adventure which follows.

Intermingled in their exciting fortunes are females from the Western World, chiefly four shapely beauties: Normandie Drake, who sets Pat's heart aflutter; April Kane, whom Terry has

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metal, most of it is redeemable from private homes. You may not have a jalopy in the garage or yard. You don't even have to have a pair of old skates or an iron bedstead. But there's still probably a mine of material in your house to keep 'em flying.

Take aluminum, which figures so importantly in the building of our metal flying ships. We need all the available aluminum in America and a lot more—and there's probably at least one aluminum saucepan in your kitchen, or in the yard or closet. If you're feeling patriotic, therefore—if you really could do without the one in the kitchen—take it off its hook and jump on it three or four times, yelling, "That's for Pearl Harbor!" Then put it in the junk pile. But be sure and bash the aluminum you give. That prevents unscrupulous people from cleaning and reselling it.

As a matter of fact, any metal you're not using is good for the war industry. You probably have tin-foil, photographic film wrapping, toothpaste tubes, metal ashtrays, old fire-irons, a disused heater—or at least a doorknob which fell off and which you frugally put aside.

Wartime industry needs shellac found in phonograph records. You

may have one or two you haven't played for years, some you don't like. Hand them over. Uncle Sam will get a mighty useful helping of material for aircraft control handles, field radio sets and instrument panels.

Even the humble old worn out flashlight battery offers a veritable gold mine for war material. There are probably 50,000,000 of these disused cells lying around American homes today, containing most everything war industry needs. From 100 tons of them you get 10 tons of zinc, useful in making copper for aircraft; three tons of ground carbon; one ton brass and copper; 10 tons of cardboard; 50 tons of graphite, manganese ore and beconite. The brass makes buttons and instruments, copper shell bands and airplane wire, zinc camp utensils and graphite machine grease.

How ABOUT fabrics—call them rags if you like? The rag expert says that all cast-off clothing, especially shirts and underwear, is useful. He'll accept burlap bags and carpets, suits, costumes, coverlets, socks, overcoats and sheets—anything that is fabric.

This doesn't mean, of course, that Uncle Sam's doughboys will be wearing cast-off clothes. The rags are all



carefully reprocessed—then reappear as uniforms, blankets, roof coverings, packing cases for delicate instruments and food bags.

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"I felt it in my bones that German-Jap collaboration had to come. It was all going to be one big war, anyway, and that was the natural course of things," Caniff remarks.

One day he dreamed up a new military trick, consisting of amplifying

the sound of machine guns and artillery in order to make the enemy think a much heavier force was attacking. He worked it into the comic strip. By amazing coincidence, the day after that particular strip appeared, dispatches from the Russo-German front told of that exact trick being used in the actual war. Then there was the time he drew a sequence involving a "torpedo raft." This was an innocent looking raft with a shirt waving from it to attract rescuers; on top of the raft were sprawled some men, looking as if they were half dead from days on the open sea. But these men—with the exception of Terry, who was chained to it—were stuffed dummies, and beneath the raft, under the water's surface, were deadly torpedoes ready to tear into any rescue ship that came close enough. Caniff had the decoy worked out to the last detail, with magnetic releases on the torpedo tubes so that the presence of the metal hull of a rescue ship would fire the torpedoes point-blank.

A few days after the strips appeared, an official letter came to Caniff from the Navy Department in Washington. "If you ever get any more ideas like this one, please let us know before you put them in the funny paper," it said in effect. Apparently Caniff had something there.

*Terry and the Pirates* was born in 1934. Caniff was drawing comics for the Associated Press, when he received an invitation to move his inkwell to the Chicago Tribune-New York News Syndicate.

"We want an adventure story, laid

in the Orient," the syndicate chiefs told him.

Chinese river pirates provided the spring board for the story. Operating on the lazy, yellowish rivers, these pirates, as they had for thousands of years before, preyed upon rich farmers who were trying to get their produce to market. In many cases, the tradition had been handed down from father to son, and in some few instances, daughters had taken over.

A woman pirate! There, at least, was something to start drawing about. But there was more to Caniff's order: There were to be juvenile appeal for the kids, love interest for the grown-ups, and enough cliff-hanging adventure to make everybody in the family want to grab the funnies first.

Caniff listed 50 title suggestions and sent them in to the syndicate chiefs. When the list came back, "Terry" was checked and the words "and the Pirates" were penciled in after it.

TERRY LEE, whose last name derives from the fact that Caniff was reading a biography of Robert E. Lee when the strip started, is an American youngster, who goes to the Orient with handsome Pat Ryan, his tutor. The two get off a boat in China and commence searching for a secret mine, which, incidentally, they never find but easily forget about in the welter of adventure which follows.

Intermingled in their exciting fortunes are females from the Western World, chiefly four shapely beauties: Normandie Drake, who sets Pat's heart aflutter; April Kane, whom Terry has



MILTON  
CANIFF



MILTON  
CANIFF

**"—an ensemble of virtue and villainy**

IDENTIFICATION KEY ON PAGE 33









*The Dragon Lady*

# TERRY'S FAMILY ALBUM

from  
*Terry and the Pirates*  
by

**MILTON CANIFF**



*Burma*



**H**ORLED from a speeding truck by the villainous Captain Judas, the beautiful heiress, Raven Sherman, dies in the arms of her sweetheart, Dude Hennick. Dude and Terry bury her in the desolation of China's mountains. The syndicate's offices were flooded with telegrams and more than 1,500 letters—some of them begging Caniff to revive Raven. But she stayed dead.

# TERRY'S FAMILY ALBUM

from  
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The Dragon Lady



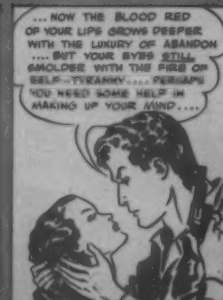
Burma



Hunted from a speeding truck by the villainous Captain Judas, the beautiful heiress, Raven Sherman, dies in the arms of her sweetheart, Dade Henrick. Dade and Terry bury her in the desolation of China's mountains. The syndicate's offices were flooded with telegrams and more than 1,500 letters—some of them begging Caniff to revive Raven. But she stayed dead.



THE jitterbugs ate this one up. Caniff was afraid his readers wouldn't understand the jive, but the reaction showed that everybody understood it perfectly—except Kiel. Give it the old Double O and see whether you're hep. (Incidentally, this episode depicted Kiel in the role of German collaborator with the Japanese.)



THE Dragon Lady succumbs to a kiss. Pat Ryan and the Dragon Lady have been attracted to each other for some time but here their ardor gets its first expression. After this installment, Caniff dropped the sequence and went on to something else. Hundreds of readers wrote in demanding that he show what happened next.

a crush on; slinky Burma, stranded show girl, and Raven Sherman, wealthy and beautiful heiress who dies a tragic death. Connie, a lovable Chinese boy, and a towering Mongolian mute named Big Stoop are the faithful retainers of Terry and Pat. The Oriental female lead is the svelte and resourceful Dragon Lady.

Oddly enough, there haven't been any pirates in *Terry and the Pirates* for several years. In the beginning the theme was carried by the Dragon Lady, a sinister yet sex-appealing female pirate chieftain. But when Japan invaded China in 1937, Caniff decided to concentrate on the "invader" menace from then on. Changing abruptly from a villainess to a heroine, the Dragon Lady led her forces in relentless battle against "the invader." This incidentally was an authentic move, for China's real-life river pirates have always rallied to their country's cause when Japan threatened.

It was Caniff's search for authenticity that made him a prophet. In the strip, adventure is superimposed on a background of reality. He has gone into painstaking research to assure that every Oriental costume he draws, every setting, every airplane, every document, every vase or knick-knack, is the real McCoy.

Most people think Caniff spent half his life in the Orient; he has never spent even half a day there. He knew no more of the intrigue of teeming China than one could pick up in an American Chinatown or in the movies. But when the syndicate chiefs ordered an Oriental background, he

plunged into a process of self-education that has continued steadily since. He read every book on the Orient that he could lay his hands on. He talked to countless Far East experts. He spent hours and days in the New York Public Library, plowing through Chinese picture books and every document on Oriental lore they had.

All Caniff wanted was the simple stuff. He wanted to draw a Chinese junk the way a Chinese junk really looks. He wanted to avoid putting a mandarin costume on a coolie. But in biting into the simple stuff, he swallowed a good deal of the cosmic stuff too. He began to know China as you know your neighbors. He learned all the ins and outs of this thing which for years we merely called "the Far Eastern situation."

CHINESE officials have publicly thanked Caniff for keeping the menace of Japan in the spotlight during the first years of World War II, when all eyes were on Hitler, and Hirohito was all but forgotten. A refugee professor at the University of Chicago wrote Caniff a long letter, appreciating the warning bell that kept sounding behind the thrills, intrigues and heart throbs of Terry and Pat Ryan. Later, Caniff introduced heel-clicking Germans as collaborators with "the invaders"; he had come to the conclusion that Hitler and Hirohito had more than their first initials in common.

Once, in the days when Caniff was just beginning to educate himself on the Orient, he made the mistake

of calling Hong Kong a United States base. It was one of those boners that sporadically plague every cartoonist who weds himself to authenticity. On another occasion Caniff omitted the Marine insignia on the helmets of a detachment of leathernecks.

*Terry and the Pirates* appears in 137 newspapers with some 20,000,000 readers, and volumes of hee-hawing letters were the inevitable result of each boner. Caniff resolved to guard against future slips in every way humanly possible. In addition to shelves of books on any subject relating to the Far East, he keeps 12 filing drawers full of clippings, pictures, documents and assorted miscellany ranging from Chinese recipes to Chinese telegraph blanks.

TECHNICAL experts, whom Caniff refers to as his "spies," help round out the authenticity he strives for. Victoria Tom, a Chinese employee of the New York Public Library, has often proved helpful. But perhaps the chief "spy" is one of Caniff's old friends, Frank (Dude) Higgs, a pilot for the CNAC, Chinese Government airline. Caniff has actually drawn him into the strip, in the character of Dude Hennick. The real Dude can be depended upon to send home any interesting source material he picks up and to answer any question which Caniff shoots to him.

Dude Higgs and Caniff were college pals at Ohio State. In fact, Dude in the comic strip gets his last name from Hennick's, the campus rendezvous in Columbus, Ohio. Caniff was

graduated from Ohio State in 1930. He was born in Hillsboro, Ohio, the son of a printer, and spent his childhood winters in California.

After college, Caniff wavered between the art department of the *Columbus Dispatch* and a strong desire to be an actor. He had done a few bit parts in Hollywood and dabbled in both amateur theatricals and stock companies. Two things forced a decision: Caniff's friend and idol, the late Billy Ireland, cartoonist for the *Dispatch*, counseled him, "Stick to your ink pots, kid, actors don't eat regularly," and the Associated Press Feature Service in New York offered him a job. Caniff went to the AP in 1932 and was drawing two strips, *Dickie Dare* and *The Gay Thirties*, when the Chicago Tribune-New York News Syndicate beckoned two years later.

At 35, Caniff has settled down to life with Terry and a handsome five-figure income. His modernistic home is 40 miles up the Hudson from New York, perched on an isolated slope of High Tor Ridge.

On the second floor is Caniff's studio. There he does his drawing at night, looking out of huge studio windows into the blackness of High Tor's forests. Often dawn comes over the ridge before he leaves his drawing board. His wife, the former Esther Parsons, of Dayton, Ohio, helps with routine work now and then and sometimes aids Caniff in fathoming the feminine angle. But oddly enough, she is not a Terry reader. Perhaps because the suspense angle is ruined when one can go right to the source

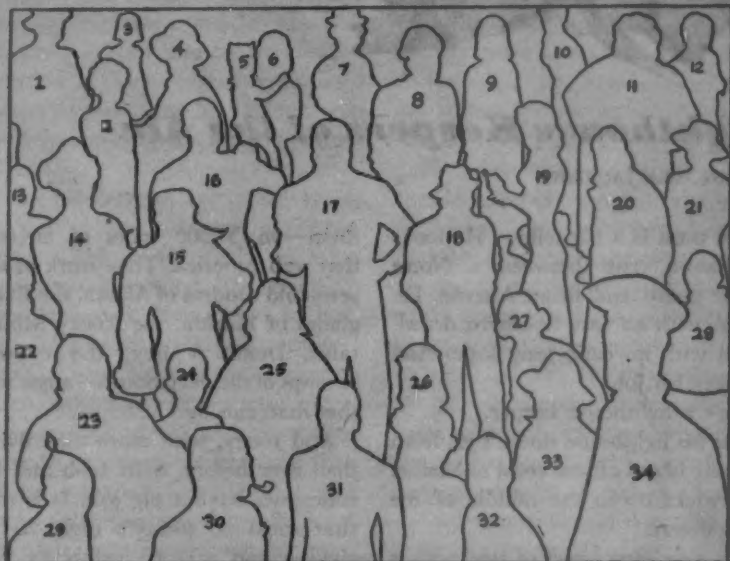


and find out what happens next.

Caniff has no master outline, nor does he write out the script for Terry in advance. Instead, he allows all his plots and sub-plots to percolate in his head—and there's always one at the boiling point when he needs it. He prints out all the dialogue for an entire strip first, then doubles back and does the drawing. Once or twice

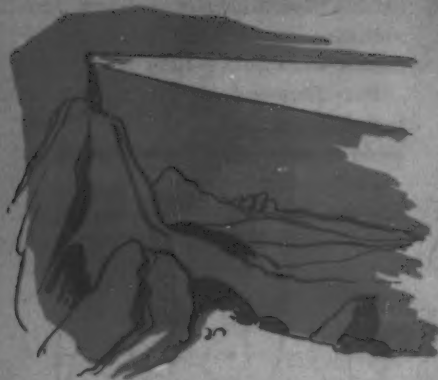
he has worked his characters into such dire situations that, as he says, "I almost went nuts getting them out."

But *Terry and the Pirates* isn't all fiction—not by a long shot. What some readers called his wildest flight of fancy—the notion of German-Japanese collaboration—has turned out to be uncomfortable fact. Here history credits him with a bull's-eye.



**Key to Figures on "Terry and the Pirates" Gatefold**

- |                                   |                      |                                  |
|-----------------------------------|----------------------|----------------------------------|
| 1. Weazel                         | 11. Captain Blaze    | 24. Deeth Crispin                |
| 2. Wendy Wingate                  | 12. Cheery Blaze     | 25. The Dragon Lady              |
| 3. Nastalthia Smythe-Heatherstone | 13. Captain Judas    | 26. April Kane                   |
| 4. Stan Wingate                   | 14. Klang            | 27. Connie                       |
| 5. Merrily Sandhurst              | 15. Singh-singh      | 28. Cue-Ball                     |
| 6. Normandie Drake Sandhurst      | 16. Kiel             | 29. Twiddle-Wit                  |
| 7. Dr. Ping                       | 17. Pat Ryan         | 30. Reginald Smythe-Heatherstone |
| 8. Dude Hennick                   | 18. Terry Lee        | 31. Baron de Plexus              |
| 9. Hu Shee                        | 19. Burma            | 32. Bucky Wing                   |
| 10. Sanjak                        | 20. Tony Sandhurst   | 33. Slugger Dunn                 |
|                                   | 21. Sammy the Tapper | 34. Big Stoop                    |
|                                   | 22. Dillon Kane      |                                  |
|                                   | 23. Chopstick Joe    |                                  |



*Guardians of our cross-country skyways, these lighthouse keepers of the air brave storm and fire to light the airplanes for our nation's pilots*

## ***Lighthouse Keepers of the Air***

by PRINCILLA JAQUITH

**S**AM IRISH is a big fellow. He looks like a cross between a Notre Dame guard and Brian Aherne. He speaks with an easy Southern drawl, walks with an easy, long lope. And he likes his job.

He's a lighthouse keeper.

But his lighthouse doesn't jut from a lonely island off the coast of Maine.

It sticks up in the middle of the Utah desert.

It's a skeleton tower of steel with a huge rotating beacon atop—a beacon that lights up 50 miles of sky and guides the airplane pilots safely home at night.

Sam looks after that light and a dozen others. He roves from beacon to beacon, keeping them all burning no matter what happens—sandstorms, breakdowns or scorching heat.

He and his 200 co-workers in the Civil Aeronautics Authority (CAA) keep the big lights bright—2,276 of

them—on 34,500 miles of airplanes that web America. They work in the zero-cold tundras of Alaska, the Everglades of Florida, the Rocky Mountains, Death Valley, the cypress swamps of the deep South—anywhere that man can fly.

And today, with more men flying than ever before, Sam Irish and his colleagues have a big job. It is true that most of today's night-flying civilian and military pilots fly "on the beam"—by radio signals rather than by actual landmarks. But radio ranges may shift and instruments become faulty. So these CAA beacons serve as a valuable check on the accuracy of pilots' instruments—and as the only guide for fliers whose radios have gone on the blink.

The lighthouse keepers know that, for many pilots, their beacons mean the difference between safe arrival—and a lonely death on a mountain

side. That's why, no matter what the hazard, men like Sam Irish keep their beacons burning.

It isn't always easy. It means getting there in spite of fire, flood and famine—literally.

One man once swam two miles though a boiling, whirling torrent to service a beacon. Another risked being trapped by a forest fire on a Nevada mountain. A third, Morris Williams, snowbound in the Alleghenies, faced starvation until a pilot of a big Newark-to-Chicago transport picked up his radioed cries for help and dropped him 50 pounds of food.

Not all beacons are as remote as that Allegheny outpost, however. Some stand in the midst of great cities atop skyscrapers, like the Radio City beacon in New York. In fact, they lie in such different terrains—some in wild country that's hard to reach, others where it's easy to get at them—that the CAA has grouped them in "strings," never more than 36 nor less than nine beacons to a string. The beacons themselves are spaced at intervals of about one every 15 miles.

As you'd expect, the longest and easiest-to-traverse of these strings lies in the thickly settled East, stretching from Newark, New Jersey to Washington, D. C. The shortest and most difficult crosses the no man's land of the Sierra Nevadas from Winnemucca to Lovelock, Nevada.

These strings are divided into eight regions, with an inspector and his assistant in each. They're under the

supervision of Washington, but, since it's a long way from Washington to the Sierras or the salt wastes of Utah, each lighthouse keeper must rely on his own resources.

Because of that, it takes a special kind of men to do the job. A man like Sam Irish.

SAM CAN diagnose and mend a broken light as swiftly and skillfully as a doctor can tape a sprained ankle. He can drive a car, ride a burro, ski, snowshoe, swim, row, walk or use any other locomotion that will get him to his beacon.

He takes whatever string of lights the CAA bosses assign him and cheerfully shifts from Anchorage, Alaska to Bangor, Maine, as the orders come. He doesn't think there's anything exciting in his job. He'll tell you in all sincerity that "nothing ever happens to me." To him his adventures are just part of the day's work, as much to be expected as the whirring of the alarm that starts him off on his job each morning at six o'clock.

That sounds like an unearthly hour to begin the day, but it saves daylight and lets him reach his beacon with sunshine to light his way. And it makes it easier to check the machinery.

Packing his lunch and his kit of emergency rations—he never knows when he may need them—Sam sets out for the day. First he rings the nearest radio communications stations of the airways to see if anyone has reported a light out. If so, he'll head there first. Otherwise, he backs his truck out of the garage, or his burro

out of the stable if he's in the Rockies, and starts trekking.

Sometimes he may have to veer 100 miles around a mountain to go 20 miles in a straight line. But once he reaches the beacon, he gives the big light a going over—a thorough one every three months, a check-up every month. Usually he does three a day. Before he signs off, he 'phones headquarters again to make sure all his lights are shining. If not he works until they are.

Then he puts up for the night in the nearest town. He won't get home until the week end.

That's the schedule he tries to keep. But often his timetable may be upset.

In January, 1941, a bear treed one lighthouse keeper, Ray B.

Griffin, atop his steel tower on the peak of Stimson Mountain in Vermont. He shivered there for hours while the bear, a 145-pounder, scratched his back against the ladder and tumbled and frolicked in the snow. At last, half-frozen, Griffin started throwing his tools at the animal to drive him away. That did the trick and the bear ambled off down the mountain.

Ray Griffin's brother Glen tends the light behind Curwensville, Pennsylvania. He was driving at dusk through the deep woods on the peak when he saw a man sprawled across the road before his car. He jammed

on the brakes and jumped out to help. He jumped back even faster, locked both doors. The "man" was a big black bear.

Another time Glen wasn't so lucky. He was reaching under the porch of the lighthouse for a piece of wood he'd stacked there, when he scratched his arm on a nail. At least, that's what he thought until his arm began to purple and swell. Then he jumped on his truck and tore down hill for a

doctor. He'd been bitten by a rattler.

Sometimes it's not even easy to reach help. Not so many winters ago Robert Hum, a relief man, was climbing to a beacon in the Adirondacks near Pittsfield, N. Y., when he slipped on the ice and broke his

leg. He was 30 feet from the summit with 2,500 feet of snow-glazed cliffs between him and a doctor. Somehow he managed to crawl to a thicket and cut himself crutches. Then, clinging to the lifeline the regular keeper had stretched up the precipitous slopes, he slithered an agonizing mile downhill.

Snow and storms about triple the danger of the beacon-tender's job. In the Rockies near Ellensburg, Washington, W. M. Graham and his assistant were snowshoeing downhill when they suddenly felt the whole shelf of snow supporting them give way, and found themselves riding an

### ***Death Takes No Holiday***

*... but it may take yours!*

**Before you start on that trip, read the revealing article on vacation-time accidents in *Coronet* for July. It will shock you ... but it may save your life.**

avalanched down the precipice. If they'd lost their footing, they'd have been buried instantly in the rushing snow. Luckily they didn't, and wound up safe at the foot of a canyon four miles below. "We had to take the canyon way out and pray it would bring us somewhere near Camp Mason," Graham reported to Washington.

Most of the official reports which the lighthouse keepers hand in to headquarters aren't as dramatic as that. Usually they read like this one, from one F. A. O'Leary in the Carson Sink, near Death Valley: "Region 6th. Sector 6F. June 30th. Short on power line extension causing fuse on take off and transformer to blow. Power Company called on 8th. Replaced fuses at 6 and 11 P.M. Didn't hold. Morning of 9th found wild cat (bob cat) on cross arm near transformer. Cat removed, line clear."

The big lights can overcome most difficulties themselves, so long as they're kept oiled and in trim. They can and do turn themselves on 15 minutes before sundown and off 15 minutes after sunup. If anything goes wrong with one bulb, they flick another into place so fast that a pilot, looking straight at the beacon, can hardly see it blink.

They can stand weather that would knock out a man and shine as brightly at 60 degrees below zero in Alaska as at 120 degrees above zero in Death Valley. They can endure sandstorms, sleet, ice and snow. And they can be broken down into parts so small that any man can carry them up the steepest mountain trail in the worst blizzard.

With yard-wide searchlights circling the horizon from 6 to 12 times a minute and pouring from 1,500,000 to 13,000,000 candlepower of light into the skies, they send out red beams to warn a pilot of bridge towers, skyscrapers or peaks in his path; green and white beams to welcome him to an emergency landing field; red and white beams to warn him not to try to land.

BUT THESE friendly guides won't shine for enemy pilots if bombers should venture over this country. Already, in every community where a lighthouse stands, a citizen has been appointed whose sole job it will be to turn off the lights when air raid warnings sound. Even the most isolated beacon will be blacked out.

Getting to some of these lights is the biggest job the airways keepers face. When they have to cross the desert, they carry waterbags and wear



dark glasses to ward off sunblindness. To reach the light on Antelope Island in Great Salt Lake, they drive trucks with huge balloon tires to buoy them up and carry them safely across the sucking quicksands in the sticky lake bed.

When the elevator that runs to the beacon atop the big George Washington Bridge in New York is being overhauled, they face a dizzy climb up the cables hand over hand.

And when the snow piles 30 feet deep around the power sheds of the lighthouse on Rattlesnake Ridge in Washington, there's nothing to do but to get out the shovel and dig.

Probably the most inaccessible beacon of them all, though, is the one down in the cypress swamp near Bayou Chene, Louisiana. It's on the only solid ground for miles around, a

sand heap piled up when the channel was dredged. But despite its dredging, the channel is still so shallow and the current so swift that ordinary boats can't navigate it. The only one that can is a flat barge powered by an airplane motor and driven by an airplane propeller that goes skimming up the bayou, sheering past the cypresses at racing speed.

Charles I. Stanton, Deputy CAA Administrator, made that wild ride once—and says he doesn't think he will ever forget it.

But the man who makes it month after month is used to it. He simply puts on a life preserver and calls it all a part of the day's work.

For the lighthouse keeper doesn't think there's anything exciting in his job. He'll tell you in all sincerity, that "nothing ever happens to me."

### *Served with Vinegar*

**A**N AUTOMOBILE company invited Charles Dana Gibson, then at the height of his fame and accustomed to receive thousands of dollars for his drawings, to submit a drawing in a competition. The company, in writing to Gibson, stated that the drawing, if accepted, would win a cash prize; if rejected it became the property of the company. Gibson's answer was: "I am running a competition for automobiles. Kindly submit one of yours. If acceptable, it wins an award. If rejected, it becomes my property."

**B**ARRYMORE, as is now well known, runs a wide gamut of humor, a considerable amount of it at his own expense. But he can be sharply sarcastic. An extra man who had once worked in a picture with him crashed a party at which John was a guest. Coming up, he slapped John on the shoulder and said, "Hello, Barrymore, old boy! How are you?" "Don't be formal," Barrymore replied; "call me kid."

—BOTH FROM *Insults* (GREYSTONE PRESS)



*You needn't fall out of step with the Joneses  
because your money is low—not so long as Jack  
Roland sells Luxury at budget-filling prices!*



## **His Business Is Barter**

by MURRAY TEIGH BLOOM

**T**HIRTY-ONE-YEAR-OLD Jack Roland is the Due Bill King of New York. He is the uncrowned head of a hush-hush business with a \$3,000,000 national turnover—a business based on Yankee swapping and the universal desire to get a real bargain.

Now in this summer of 1942, more Americans than ever before are discovering the minor miracles accomplished by due bills at expensive vacation resorts from Arizona to the Adirondacks, from California to Florida, from Saratoga to Mexico; at large hotels in many American cities; in night clubs, famous restaurants, beauty parlors and private gyms. In its halcyon days, the due bill business even included cruises and transatlantic voyages.

It's strictly legitimate—the due billers offer the McCoy. Yet such is the nature of the due bill business that it must not grow too much larger if it

is to remain a thriving enterprise. There are many due bill brokers in New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, Los Angeles and San Francisco who groan aloud when they read about their business in the public prints, fearful that if everyone knows how to get such bargains, there won't be any good buys left for anyone.

But let's take a closer look at the uncrowned king of this lush trade. After finishing high school and studying advertising at night at Columbia (he worked at odd jobs during the day), Jack Roland drifted into publicity. In 1929 (he was 19 but looked older) he was handling a large night club in Sheepshead Bay, not far from Coney Island.

An advertising salesman, peddling space for a theater program, pestered him to take a \$300 ad for the night club.

"You don't have to pay cash," the

salesman offered. "We'll take it out in trade with a due bill."

"A which?" Roland asked; and was told.

He sat down and figured out that \$300 worth of food and drink would cost the house only \$120. So he explained to the boss and had him sign a "trade contract" which enabled the publisher of the theater program to use up (or sell to others) vouchers enabling them to eat and drink and be merry at the night club. Business wasn't so hot anyway.

In fact, business was so bad that Roland invited other publicity men down to the club, putting them down on the free press list. Couldn't tell when he might have to hit one of them for a job. The boss got alarmed at the bulging press list and clamped down.

Having promised to take care of a number of publicity men "on the cuff," Roland was in a ~~fix~~ <sup>jam</sup>. He looked up the theater program outfit that had taken the \$300 due bill.

They still had most of it left, all right. You could get \$10 pieces of it at 60 per cent off. In this way Roland picked up \$10 worth of food and drink for his press agent friends for \$4.

SOON AFTER, the club shut down and Roland was out of a job. He went back to the theater program people. Now about this due bill business . . . Oh, they had thousands of dollars worth of it lying around. On night clubs, beauty parlors, restaurants, hotels and even the limousine rental services that advertised in their theater programs. He made a list of them.

He could have pieces of any of them at 60 per cent off.

Querying friends, he discovered one was planning a trip to Atlantic City, another was pining for some inexpensive night-clubbing. He got them due bills for their wants at 40 per cent off the normal price, pocketing 20 per cent for his troubles and for old age security.

One day the theater program publisher called him about a terrific buy he had: \$400 worth of chauffeured limousine rides. They had to be used within the month, when the due bill would expire. Make me an offer, Roland. Anything for a gag. Young Roland said, ha ha, okay, 10 bucks . . . The laugh froze on his face when he heard the offer accepted.

None of his small circle of clients was interested, so he decided he himself might as well be driven around in style. For weeks the limousine carried him from the modest home of his parents in Brooklyn to his two by nothing office off Broadway. Oh yes, the office. He was sharing it with four impecunious lawyers. On hot summer days they all took turns motoring in the country.

When he wasn't using the car, Mama would have the chauffeur take her shopping—but stopped it as soon as the neighborhood merchants began jacking up prices. Who else but a millionaire could afford to ride in a limousine? Then the family urged Papa Roland to have the limousine take him to the mountain lodge where he and some old cronies played poker and fished and chewed the fat. A

mile from the lodge, Papa lost his nerve, got out and walked, carrying his bags. He'd never hear the end of it if the boys saw the chauffeur and the long, sleek Packard.

The neighborhood gals began vying openly for dates with Jack. What other young bucko would call for them in a beautiful limousine, bring them gardenias (due billed), and take them out to swank Long Island night clubs (due billed)? The month went awful fast.

Word got around Brooklyn with the speed of a Dodger heading for first at the Polo Grounds. Business began rolling in—and so did competition. But Roland, a glib, smart-looking lad, managed to stay on top. Since those early days he has bought out four competitors, paying rather large sums for their "good will" and clientele.

AFTER A FEW years he began to take stock of his business. Why couldn't you go direct to the hotel owners and night club operators and arrange the due bills without an intermediary?

He found hotels in need of cash for new equipment. To such he offered \$50,000 in cash in return for \$100,000 worth of due bill accommodations on that hotel. No bank on earth would have made such a loan to a hotel already mortgaged to the hilt. The owners decided their empty rooms could stand filling, and they took Roland up on the deal.

Roland sold almost all of the "paper"—trade jargon for the due bills—to other brokers, thus making it a wholesale proposition. The brokers



bought \$100,000 worth of due bills for \$65,000. Had he been willing to take a chance and gradually dispose of it at retail to his clients, Roland could have grossed \$75,000. But the longer you have to hold onto "paper," the greater the risk.

The risk is great because the hotel might go into bankruptcy next week and a local judge might appoint a referee who would refuse to honor due bills while he was handling the affairs of the hotel. Then you can sing for your money. Or, better still, forget about it.

To stave off this dreaded possibility, Roland has become a lavish gift giver. He buys large numbers of theater tickets—no due bills here—and distributes them regularly and wisely to managers and assistant managers of hotels in which he has investments. Their birthdays and those of their wives are generously remembered. In turn, these friends can always be depended upon to give advance tips of impending financial crises. Just to play safe, he contributes handsomely to political campaigns.

All the same, the idea of a hotel

facing bankruptcy is a distressing one to Roland. When he was still in his middle 20's, he came to the rescue of a large Atlantic coast resort. Its creditors, stuck for \$100,000, had been told by their accountants that even Houdini couldn't get them more than five cents on the dollar in a settlement.

Then Roland presented his proposition: all the creditors had to do was accept \$100,000 worth of due bills for accommodations at the hotel. They took advantage of the unusual offer. The creditors personally used \$20,000 worth of due bills—this was 100 per cent settlement for one-fifth of the debt. The rest (\$80,000 worth) was sold to a little group headed by Roland for \$40,000 cash—a 50 per cent cash settlement, 10 times better than the creditors' accountants had been able to assure them. Thanks to the due bill broker, the hotel is still on its feet.

TODAY most of the due bill brokers in New York are members of a tightly knit association: the Trade and Exchange Advertising Associates, Inc., which meets once every two weeks—in a due bill hotel—to buy and sell, talk shop and argue about "ethics."

Roland and two or three others are the only ones who did six-figure cash business in 1941. They are the wholesalers of the association. Yet the smaller fry are utterly vital to the field. The peculiar nature of the business makes it impossible for the brokers to advertise: if they did, no hotel or night club would have anything to do with them. Only through the

smaller operators and their valued lists of regular customers can the big shots of the due bill world float a large issue with a fair degree of assurance that it will be sold before the expiration date.

All members of the association are connected to a special switchboard which enables them to pick up their phone and get into immediate touch with any one of the group. It wasn't a difficult arrangement because the 20 members' offices are found on or just off Broadway between 41st and 49th Streets in New York.

The direct connection was Roland's idea—the boys used to run terrific phone bills calling one another about a bill on this hotel in Miami Beach or that night club in New York.

There was a time when Roland was glad to handle any kind of a due bill. But night clubs and restaurants that collapsed a week after grand openings have made Roland and his friendly competitors wary; they claim they can now tell a phony Broadway setup a full block away.

Roland still gets uncomfortable at the sight of horse cantering in the park. It makes him recall the time a smart Italian riding master took him over the financial hurdles in a proposition in which Roland had to use up the horse riding due bills himself. He hasn't been on a horse since.

Doctors and dentists used to come in, ask for resort due bills and confess they couldn't pay for them. Nothing fazed Roland then. Okay, they could give him in return a due bill on their professional services. For a while he

was even peddling due bills for hospital services.

Early in his career Roland built up a clientele among some of the box office treasurers of New York's legitimate theaters. Word eventually got around to the back of the house and now, all day long, there's a fairly steady stream of show girls in and out of Roland's neat, modest offices. He's their landlord. They buy their weekly due bill with which they pay the rent at their hotels in the midtown area. Most of them pay \$9 or \$10 for hotel rooms that would go for \$15—if you didn't have a due bill.

All in all, Roland's business has

grown a lot since the days he could take care of it all in one-fifth of a two-by-nothing office. Life has been good to him and he's the first to admit it. He and his wife live very comfortably in Brooklyn—not far from the neighborhood in which he grew up. He pays his rent regularly—and in cash. He attends his Masonic meetings, befriends cops and votes a straight Democratic ticket. Have a cigar.

He thinks the due bill is a great institution and it's all right to quote him on it. But don't let this get around too much. After all, somebody's got to pay the full list price.



### Word Stories

DEATH CUT SHORT the career of a brilliant 18th century French boy painter, but his name has been perpetuated through the ages. Seventeen-year-old Andre Chique was the most talented, though youngest, pupil of the celebrated Jacques Louis David. The master had predicted a brilliant future for young Chique — until death ruled otherwise.

David was as stunned as though young Chique had been his own son. And as the years passed, the lad's memory became almost an obsession with him. Always when he wished to inspire some pupil he would hold up one of Chique's ex-

cellent miniatures as an example.

Thus, when a student's work lacked color or detail, David would shake his head sadly and say, "That is not Chique." Conversely, if a sketch pleased him, he would cry enthusiastically, "But that is Chique!" And so famous was David, that his use of the name of the dead boy artist came to be synonymous with polished form and perfectly finished work.

Today, shortened to "chic," it has been adopted into our language — its meaning modified slightly to signify the elegant, the striking, the unusual.

—MARGARET JONES

## The Best I Know

*Favorite anecdotes of celebrated personalities, as chosen from The Best I Know, a collection edited by Edna B. Smith, with caricatures by Xavier Cugat*



THERE WAS an opening for the job of watchman at a railroad crossing and an ambitious young man applied. Eager to prove his worth, he waited patiently for the examination.

"Supposing you were at the crossing and two trains were coming along 70 miles an hour—head on, and you were all alone. What would you do?" asked the examiner.

"I'd blow my whistle, of course."

"Yes, but supposing your whistle was out of order?"

"I'd wave a red flag and stop the train."

"Let's say this happened at night, and the flag could not be seen."

"Then I'd swing a lantern."

"But suppose you had no lantern."

"In that case," said the applicant, "I'd call my wife."

"Your wife? What for?"

"I'd say to her, 'Come on down here, dear, and see the goldurndest wreck you ever saw in your life.'"

—IRVIN S. COBB  
*Humorist and author.*

MR. GUILD decided one day to get some practice in golf. It was late in the afternoon when he arrived at the course and there was only one caddy left—a little fellow—and he asked whether the boy would go round with him.

"I've never caddied before," the youngster said.

"That's all right," Guild replied, "that will make it about a fifty-fifty proposition."

So they started off. On and off the first fairway the caddy got consider-



able education as the golfer used practically every club in the bag. Finally he got about three yards off the green. At this point he had a sort of Bobby Jones complex so that when he hit the ball it rolled across the green and dropped into the cup. The little fellow ran up to the flag, pulled it out, looked down into the hole, and then with a look of utter despair he turned to Mr. Guild and said, "Say boss, you are sure in a hell of a fix now."

—HENRY R. GUILD  
*Boston attorney and public speaker.*

PRESIDENT Woodrow Wilson, at a dinner in Washington, said of a statistician:

"His figures are so precise that one inclines to doubt them. He is like the American sugar planter in Hawaii, who, taking a friend to the edge of a volcano, said:

"That crater, Fred, is just fifty thousand and six years old."

"But why the six?" Fred asked.

"Oh, I've been here six," came the reply, 'It was fifty thousand when I got here.'"

—BIDE DUDLEY  
*Humorist and dramatic critic of the New York World-Telegram.*

SOME YEARS ago an actor friend was stouring with a Shakespearean stock company. To this day he preserves a notice which was written about the company after a certain performance of *Hamlet*.

"For some time," reads the critique, "there has been controversy as to whether Shakespeare or Sir Francis Bacon actually wrote the plays attributed to Shakespeare. Now, at last,

this column is in a position to settle the question for all time. Let the tombs of both men be opened. The one who turned over last night is the true author of *Hamlet*."

—SAMUEL CHOTZINOFF  
*Music critic.*



THIS is about my son Arthur — now a ranking tennis player, but when this happened, he was but eight. He wanted a

buckshot rifle, and pleaded and entreated with me to get him one. This went on for days. Finally, after a day of constant whining and wheedling, I caught him short and, in a pompous voice, said,

"See here, as long as I'm the head of this house, you're not going to have a rifle!"

Whereupon he looked up at me with his big cow eyes and replied,

"Listen, Dad, if I get a rifle, you won't be the head of the house!"

—GROUCHO MARX

A VOICE AT one end of the telephone spoke:

"Hello! This is J. M. Percival Smythe, the 1st. I would like to speak to the Honorable F. Reginald Pierpont Lancaster, the 2nd."

And the voice at the other end of the phone answered:

"Oi-i-i—have you got a *wrong* number!"

—DR. GEORGE G. TRATTNER  
*Of the staff of Mount Sinai Hospital, New York City.*



*Out on the Pacific Coast, the miners of '49 have given way to the fishermen of '42—and a new kind of gold rush is on*

## **Fortunes in Soupfin**

by RALPH P. STULLER

IT'S A MAD new world of fabulous pay for a day or a week on the blue Pacific in search of soupfin shark. Professors call him *galeorhinus zyopterus*. Salmon call him a gangster. Fishermen call him a bonanza.

For the soupfin shark of the Pacific Coast packs 150,000 standard units of vitamin A in his liver as contrasted to the once famous cod who has only 4,000. And vitamin A is worth more than gold in wartime.

Vitamin A can't be manufactured. It's the magic soluble that keeps the doctor away, and that keeps you, and airplane pilots, free of night-blindness. Down on the farm it helps cows produce live calves, causes chickens to lay more eggs and encourages turkeys to grow.

A war boom, Lend-Lease, and planes flying at night over all the world; longer hours in factories and under keels of new boats—all this

has jumped our usage of vitamin A by 350 per cent. But along with reports that vitamins are as important to the military and civilian population as aluminum and steel are to the production of tanks and airplanes, came the reminder that foreign sources of supply for vitamin oils had been cut off. The Pacific Coast was more than ready to take up the challenge.

In November of last year, in Seattle alone, pounds of soupfin shark delivered were nearly six times that delivered for the *entire* year of 1940. And the price for November was seven times higher. Even that doesn't tell the story now with added war needs. Remember, too, that Seattle is only one port along the Pacific waterfront.

And so, from Alaska to Southern California, the newest of gold rushes is on. Little baylet towns are seething with robust life and rolling money. Dusty Montana farmers are deserting

dry acres for the Pacific mecca. College and high school students play hooky to catch sharks in bay waters.

Father of the shark industry is said to be Max Shaffer who in 1906 first fed shark meat to his chickens in California and saw their egg production zoom. Recent experiments have proved the growth-producing potency of oils in the liver of the little blue soupfin shark. But long before there was a California—or shining white scientific laboratories—Norse fishermen brought babies up to Viking size by letting them suckle fish liver.

Gus Anderson might be a good example of a present-day Seattle shark fisherman. And the story they tell about him is typical: His stubby whiskers were still stiff from salt-water when he entered the swankiest hotel dining room one night and pushed his way to a table.

"Beans," he ordered. "A table full of them."

When the beans arrived, Gus calmly called for the best steak dinner. As he cut the steak, he turned to his \$20 worth of beans and said, "Now, damn you beans, watch a man eat *real food*." Gus was celebrating his first week's shark catch after his return from semi-retirement on a little acreage.

Regardless of Japanese submarines on the coast, Skipper Jim Laubakivitch of the *Valiant VI* was able to persuade us to go out.

After some 20 to 40 miles of climbing green watery hills and dropping into equally watery valleys, we started fishing. Our boat had a skiff, a power

winch and a turntable. The net was fastened with a rope to the skiff. The roller played the net out and our boat made a wide circle around to the skiff that held up one end of the net with its rope. Here we picked up the rope and then pursed in the net. We dipped sharks from the pocket of the net beside the boat. A boom with a type of scoop swung out over the water and dipped the six-foot sharks up and dropped them back into the hold in all-mechanical motions.

Some of the boats on the sea today are putting out a thousand feet of drift net supported by floats that let the net hang three fathoms below the surface. Other boats are baiting long lines of hooks with frozen salmon.

A few months ago the fishermen would have cut out the livers and discarded the rest of the sharks. Today they take the fish in whole. Already the Astoria Union Fishermen's Cooperative is turning out a tasty product of smoked shark meat, and the Columbia River Packers have filleted shark to tickle many a Portland housewife at 20 cents a pound. Sharks are also sources for leather,

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*Ralph P. Stuller is director of journalism at Linfield College, McMinnville, which he calls "one of Oregon's finest small liberal arts colleges." He once did feature writing and copy desk work for the Portland Oregonian, later ran a newspaper of his own — a country weekly "in a wide-open Oregon fir milling town." But his career really began in the third grade when he rewrote Shakespeare's *Tempest* (changing the locale to the Wild West) and was rewarded with a "smile and pat from a lovely blonde teacher."*



glue, paint oil, and animal and poultry feeds.

As we docked, buyers swarmed to meet our *Valiant VI*. Bidding started slowly, then gained in stride. We had plenty of male soupfin and they are much richer in vitamin potency than females. We sold, finally, for \$2,600. Not a bad two-day paycheck.

AS MIGHT BE expected, life is getting pretty lively along the coastline. Twenty million new dollars add up fast in a frontier-like section where everyone can get in on the stakes. Leif Vindstrom moved the other day from his old boarding house. Reason: "Ay tank I enjoy life and get me a young housekeeper."

Ghosts of pioneer settlers stir uneasily at the new beer joints and loud juke-boxes. Naturally enough, gay night life has taken on a primrosier hue.

Stores have added high-priced goods to their stocks. New boats are being ordered and paid for. Chicken ranches are being bought and readied for retirement.

And John Biggs, sage-brush farmer turned shark fisherman, is in the midst

of this spending turmoil. He bought a tent when he first arrived in the little Oregon seaport. Then he traded that in on a trailer house. Four weeks later he handed a \$5,000 check to an architect and ordered a Cape Cod house built at once.

Eureka, California is an example of a small city revitalized by this new wealth. Over \$60,000 a week now comes into that community from shark liners.

A trip out to sea is a twirl of the magic wheel of fortune. Neil Burton, skipper of the 45-foot *Wanda* in four days at sea landed 2,500 pounds of liver that sold for \$18,750. The *Trinity*, with Captain John Selford and four crew members, was out a week and sold 13½ tons of sharks for \$19,000. A Ft. Bragg boy fixed up an old boat and with the genius of adolescence is reported to have grossed \$8,000 in a month's fishing. All in all, big money has been so free that an offer of \$3.00 an hour for common help in Astoria found no takers.

Old-time fishermen are planning regular shark expeditions. They'll measure the sea with fathometers, for sharks are thought to stay along the

ridges of undersea mountains. They'll refrigerate the livers. Similar to whaling trips, these new shark voyages may bring back unusual loads. No one knows.

Science, too, has taken note of the booming West Coast industry. Biological laboratories, both private and federal, are busy testing vitamins and studying fish. No one knows how to make vitamin A yet. These research men may find out now. No answer has been advanced as to why northern sharks have richer livers than southern fish. And another mystery is why a shark left in the water an hour longer sometimes tests out richer than when he was pulled up. So the Alaska outpost Ketchikan, with a recently-increased research staff, is attempting to get the answers.

THE SOUPPIN is the most popular of sharks for vitamin A. He gets his name from the fact that the Chinese make a delicate soup from his dried fins. Dogfish, another shark, rates only 20 to 60 cents a pound for his liver. Fourteen other varieties of sharks vie for the market, prices ranging all the way from five cents to a dollar a pound.

To the 18 new processing plants for vitamin oils go official assayers who take samples of the oil—for it is measured in potency rather than in bulk—which are sealed and sent to commercial laboratories for testing. When this is reported the oil can be sold—in concentrated form for human beings; in its original state for animals. Plans are now being made to set up

potency testing laboratories in Oregon and Washington states.

So this new "vitamin rush" that has inflated West Coast pocketbooks goes on. Prices are down from last summer's high of \$9.20 to around \$6.00 a pound. Down from \$1,500 a ton for whole fish to a \$1,000 a ton. But even that is big money, easy money for seaports.

As Jeb Smith, aged skipper of a small boat, grinned the other day, "Sharks are making us healthy, wealthy and wise. Healthy with vitamins, wealthy with money, and wiser when Uncle Sam sends a tax collector around for all the money we've splurged on."

But income taxes don't worry many fishermen. The sharks are out on the ocean—and even though enemy boats are there too, Americans are a hardy lot.

You and I need 8,000 units a day of A. If we have a vitamin deficiency or night-blindness, we'll be prescribed from 100,000 to 300,000 units a day. We've got a war to win and vitamins play a big part.

It's a two-way bonanza. For while the fishermen are engaged in a modern version of the gold rush of '49, they are, at the same time, putting within easy reach of you and me the invaluable fish oils full of Vitamin A.

And that's something.

—*Suggestions for further reading:*

VITAMINS	
by H. Boorsook	\$2.00
<i>The Viking Press, New York</i>	
AMERICAN FISHERMEN	
by A. C. Church	\$3.75
<i>W. W. Norton &amp; Company, Inc., New York</i>	



*Many brave hearts will quake at the exploits of this raider of Davey Jones' locker. Loot to date: \$150,000. And there's more!*

## ***He Dives for Doubloons***

by KATE HOLLIDAY

"I'VE FAILED TWICE, but I think the third time's the charm!"

Lieutenant Harry Rieseberg was speaking of his ultimate post-war expedition to Silver Shoals, a reef 100 miles off the coast of Haiti on which lies a fortune in buried treasure.

"Buried treasure," I know, sounds very romantic and exciting — but hardly practical. Yet, to Lieutenant Rieseberg, it is just that: he makes his living out of the hidden wealth of long-sunk galleons and other craft. To him, a doubloon or a piece of eight is as common as a dime or a quarter; a time-stained bit of parchment holds more certainty than a letter from the draft board to the average man.

For 15 years, Lieutenant Rieseberg has been doing research on sunken gold, a pursuit which started as a hobby when he was Chief of the Bureau of Navigation in Washington.

Long before that, however, he had felt the lure of exploration. As a young lad, he went with "Teddy" Roosevelt on his last big-game hunt in Africa. But not until after the First World War, when he visited the Navy Yard and went down in a diving suit, did he discover what he really wanted to do. And he's been doing it ever since.

The Silver Shoals treasure of which he was speaking is one of the most exciting to contemplate in the whole history of wrecked ships. In 1643, a fleet of 15 Spanish galleons headed by a flagship set out from Puerto Plata, Haiti, bulging with gold and silver bullion, pearls and precious ornaments—the yearly tribute of the New World to the King of Spain.

Two days out of port, however, a terrifying hurricane swept heavily-laden ships to a watery grave on the treacherous reefs of Silver Shoals.



Only the flagship limped back with the tragic news: all hands had gone down and the gold and silver now reposed at the bottom of the sea.

Years after, William Phips, a New Englander who was later knighted and made first governor of Massachusetts for his exploits, heard the story, obtained financial backing for an expedition to the reef—and was able to take nearly \$2,000,000 from one galleon, working with the crudest of diving equipment. His feat was, of course, heralded all over England and the Continent upon his return, and to the end of his life he was a famous man.

Nevertheless, a conservative present-day estimate places the gold still remaining beneath the water at \$19,000,000!

Lieutenant Rieseberg has also been to Silver Shoals. On his first voyage, he had trouble with his backers and was forced to return to port without even having sighted one of the sunken ships. On his second, he located one galleon resting on a rock ledge at about 50 fathoms. Beneath this ledge was the empty blackness of the sea.

Inside a "mechanical robot," Lieutenant Rieseberg went down to examine the craft. He was poking about its ancient timbers when he was suddenly pitched violently over the side of the ledge. He shouted through his telephone to the boat above. There was no answer. He shouted again. Finally, the captain of the vessel replied that a storm had come up, slipped the cable controlling the robot, and that he had inad-

vertently dived 1,404 feet straight down! This is the deepest dive of its kind ever made by man.

Lieutenant Rieseberg asked to be pulled up. When he was standing once more on the wet deck of his salvage ship and making plans for more diving the next day, an unexpected squall caused him to lose his balance and pitched him down a hatchway. The result was a leg broken in five places, necessitating his return to Washington.

That was in 1935. He has never yet been able to return to Silver Shoals.

THE "MECHANICAL ROBOT" in which Lieutenant Rieseberg made his record-breaking dive is the most modern product of evolution in the science of under-sea exploration. In appearance, it is two spheres, one on top of the other; the lower being perhaps five feet in diameter and the upper, two feet. Two jointed arms are set into one side of the lower sphere. These bear powerful searchlights, and end in claws which are controlled from inside the robot. The "hands" can perform all manner of tricks, ranging from lifting as delicate a thing as a china cup to exerting a thousand pounds of pressure and tying steel cable under water. Or they can be fitted with several different types of instruments with which to work on sunken craft. The whole mechanism is directionally controlled from the salvage ship above, by means of instructions phoned by the diver.

The robot weighs 3,800 pounds and can go down to the unheard-of depth

of 5,000 feet. It is fitted with an oxygen unit and an absorption cell for carbon dioxide, which makes possible a dive of eight to ten hours' duration and does away with the dangerous "bends" which formerly attacked members of the trade.

It is the only one of its kind in the world and was especially built for Lieutenant Rieseberg at a cost of \$25,000.

The robot made possible one of the most frightening of all the Lieutenant's experiences. Seeking a sunken galleon in Manta Bay off the coast of South America, Rieseberg was gliding along the ocean floor while an assistant took notes in a near-by observation bell. Suddenly, to Rieseberg's horror, he saw approaching a giant octopus, its tentacles waving slowly in search of food.

The animal sighted the observation bell and believed it to be an enemy of some kind. While the Lieutenant fixed a motion picture camera to one of the four portholes of his robot, the octopus attacked the bell. It whipped several of its tentacles around the iron cage with such force that the man inside was knocked unconscious. As the Lieutenant's camera ground on, the beast struggled to crush the unknown interloper. It was then that Rieseberg went to the rescue.

With the powerful arms of his robot, he managed to sever two of the suction-cupped arms, thus weakening the octopus. The animal spewed its ink towards the new menace and turned to do battle with it. Finally,

after a titanic struggle, Rieseberg emerged the victor. He left the creature lying on the sea floor and went above. Changing into a rubber suit, he returned. The death blow was given and the octopus examined. It measured 24 feet across, the largest of its kind ever to be filmed!

"Octopi are dangerous, of course," Lieutenant Rieseberg says. "They are canny. I honestly believe that they think. But the one thing I am really afraid of is the Giant Sting Ray. I have absolutely no desire to get mixed up with it in any way!

"The beasts measure anywhere from 20 to 25 feet across, for one thing. They weigh tons. And they have the unhealthy habit of settling down like a blanket upon their prey, smothering it. It would be very easy for one to blanket even the robot and break the half-inch cable which connects me with the outside world!"

EXPLORATION—in spite of all the hazards — has done well by Lieutenant Rieseberg. He has taken \$60,000 in gold and silver coins from one ship, \$52,000 in silver bars from another, \$40,000 in doubloons and pieces of eight from a third, plus several smaller hauls. And he has compiled a list of hundreds of ships which still retain the wealth with which they went down. In his book, for instance, he has noted that part of the armada of Kublai Khan was sunk during that warrior's ill-fated attempt to conquer Japan five centuries ago.

On one of his expeditions, Lieu-

tenant Rieseberg came upon probably the greatest single aggregation of treasure in the world: the sunken West Indian city of Port Royal. This town, whose one-time existence is thoroughly documented by historical records, was once the stronghold of all the pirates of the Spanish Main. It was the contemporary Babylon to which they returned with their plunder after raids on the rich fleets which crossed the Caribbean. It was a city of the most beautiful of captive women, of magnificent stolen wines, and of unceasing vice. It was without doubt one of the richest cities ever to exist.

Five years after Sir Henry Morgan had retired as its governor, Port Royal had its reward. A sudden earthquake in 1692 sent the town to a watery end, fathoms deep beneath the sea. The few survivors of the cataclysm struggled overland and formed the modern capital of Kingston, Jamaica.

While walking the ocean floor in a rubber suit in search of a galleon, Lieutenant Rieseberg came upon the sunken city, encrusted with coral, which gleamed eerily in the half-

light. The Lieutenant could not believe what he saw, and did not believe it until he took a crowbar and shattered some of the coral. Beneath he found a cement-like substance which convinced him that what surrounded him was man-made. A few doubloons and pieces of eight further convinced him, as did the record of history itself.

The rubber suit he was working in, however, did not permit his remaining down beneath the surface for more than a few moments. It also precluded his following the slant of the sea floor caused by the quake. (The robot had not been built at that time.) He asked to be drawn up, therefore, hardly believing what he had seen. Upon his return to New York, he attempted to interest various scientific groups in an expedition which would explore the city and salvage its treasure. But he was greeted with ironic tappings of the head; Port Royal remains untouched beneath the seas.

Besides Port Royal, however, Lieutenant Rieseberg knows the location of over five million dollars in emeralds, diamonds, and rubies, as well



as the two golden peacocks once the property of the Great Mogul of Delhi. This wealth was sunk in the *Grasvenor*, an English frigate which once caught the imagination of Charles Dickens. He sought to interest the British government in salvaging it, but could not.

The chart which tells the whereabouts of the jewels was formerly in the possession of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. His family were unconscious of its value at the time of his death, and Lieutenant Rieseberg obtained a copy of it. Though the map is almost illegible, he has succeeded in plotting the exact spot where the ship now reposes. It is on a rocky bed in Natal Bay on the coast of South America, in water only 160 feet in depth, but which is constantly swept by vicious currents. These have made salvage, up to the time of the mechanical robot's invention, impossible. But

some day the wealth of the Indies will be lifted from its grave by this modern means.

For when the war is over, Lieutenant Rieseberg will go off on another expedition. He will explore the lost city of Port Royal. He will find the Great Mogul's golden peacocks. And on the third and charmed attempt, he will unveil the wealth of Silver Shoals. He will prove again that hunting sunken treasure is not a fool's game, but an intensely scientific work, requiring nerve, the capacity for detail, and the heart of an adventurer.

—Suggestions for further reading:

**MEN UNDER THE SEA**  
by Commander Edward Ellsberg \$3.00  
Dodd, Mead & Company, Inc., New York

**I DIVE FOR TREASURE**  
by Harry E. Rieseberg \$2.75  
Robert M. McBride & Company, New York

**DANGER IS MY BUSINESS**  
by John D. Craig \$3.00  
Simon and Schuster, Inc., New York



## The Disappointment

**I**N his youth the French composer Félicien David—the originator of “program music”—received an invitation from the Dey of Algeria to give piano lessons to his harem.

The young composer packed his trunks, caught the first boat at Marseilles, and arrived in the capital of the Dey full of expectations. He went straightway to the harem, where he was received by a gigantic Negro, the

Grand Eunuch of the Dey.

“I am the new piano teacher,” said David to the guardian of the harem. “Lead me to my pupils so that we may begin at once!”

“Infidel,” replied the eunuch, “you are ignorant of the ways of the harem. You will give piano lessons to me only. Then I, Mehemet Ali, shall transmit them to the wives of my master!” —L. C. TIHANY

## ***Britain's Hit-and-Run Raiders***

THE ONLY Nazi thus far to invade England was Rudolph Hess—solo. Yet in this war of surprises, Englishmen are invading Nazi strongholds on the continent almost nightly—with success. Called Commandos, these English “invaders” number but a comparative handful—but they are men all thoroughly trained and heavily armed. Real fighting specialists! Their object is to hit and run, to

destroy, to harry, and to bring back free men from oppressed countries and prisoners of war. They’ve worked in France, in Libya and in Norway, always attacking at the crack of dawn. In the pages that follow *Coronet* will take you along on one such raid, off the coast of Norway. The on-the-scene photographs are from British Press service, from British Condore (from *Pictorial*), and from *Three Lions*.





*Prowling brazenly, undetected, through the bleak North Sea, ships of the Royal Navy have anchored silently off Nazi-held Norwegian Islands. Grim men crouch, waiting, in the dark, their duties memorized through weeks of steady rehearsals.*



*Onward Commandos! Brace! RAF airmen lead off the attack with a surprise visit to the nearby aerodrome. Flying in as low as fifty feet they destroy planes, runways. There'll be no Nazi planes in the air today.*





*Meanwhile, German coast defenses have been quickly silenced by big guns from the warships. Under their protection the tough Commandos have landed on the jagged coast, hell-bent on destroying Nazi oil supplies, radio posts, and so on.*



*Packed into their armored "Bottle Boats" fifty men in each, the entire force of Commandos is soon landed. Already fires dot the town, terrible testimony to the deadly accuracy of gunners on the British men of war, now standing by.*



*One group has struck with deadly speed against the Nazi garrison, encamped in barracks. Trained to operate the Nazi guns, these men can now lay down a screen of fire to protect their fellow-Commandos, pushing boldly up the town's main street.*



*There goes one factory! This quishing-owned fish-cannery has been fired by a well-laid charge of dynamite. A handful of the Commandos remain to watch her go—ready with rifles should any Nazi foolishly protest.*



*It's dusk light now—but it will only stay light for five short hours. Each Commando knows his job—and does it. Here's a unit assigned to destroy barrels of oil on the quayside.*



*A few minutes' work will do the trick. The Norwegian boy watching, like many others of his countrymen, welcomes the attack—and willingly guides the Commandos to their objectives with minimum of delay.*



*Never has there been so much fire! The bazzels explode with a roar. Indeed, the entire town now seems ablaze and filled with smoke—thick black smoke which serves to confuse and amaze the Nazis, caught flatfooted.*



*Even the surface of the water off the quayside is a seething mass of fire!*



*In all other sections of the island by now, the Commandos have the situation well in hand. It took them just fifteen minutes flat to gain the upper hand.*



*Round-up units are turning the town inside out in search for quistings earmarked to be taken back to England as prisoners.*



*It's really pretty simple to find a quisling. Norwegian patriots have taken care of that—by painting signs on quisling doors, identifying them for ready capture.*



*Here's one who almost got away. But he didn't.*





*In fact, no one escaped. And so at last, their job done, the tired but happy Commandos start back for the landing—quitting in tow, many Norwegian patriots who wish to enlist in the forces of their government in England will return with them.*



*—and many prisoners of war. The bewildered Germans offered but slight resistance to the Briton's lightning-like attack from "out of the blue" of the North Sea.*



*Back to the boats continues the orderly withdrawal. The score: several hundred Nazis dead or wounded; many more captured; the radio station, barracks, food and munition stores all completely destroyed. It's been a good half-day's work!*



*Most of the Norwegians must stay behind, of course. But first a souvenir or two, to remember what has been a really happy night. Tomorrow there will be merciless reprisals; that's why the lucky ones who do go must take their entire families.*



*But you can't hit so hard and so bloodily without at least a few mishaps—like this officer, who was wounded while leading a daring attack on Nazi snipers in the main street. He cleaned the nest out, though, before he was stopped.*



*Here's another casualty. This man was wounded while storming the hotel, but he'll fight again. Willing hands help him back into one of the "Beppo Bunkers."*



*There are still a few Nazi snipers taking pot-shots from the hills, but the Commandos are in no hurry now. They just load up the prisoners.*



*and shore out towards the waiting ships, to be greeted amid cheers and much backslapping by the ships' crews. A pull of smoke blankets the town as they leave.*



*The last of the boats, loaded to capacity with free Norwegian volunteers and their families, finally drops alongside.*



*On board the ships, these Norwegians will be welcomed noisily.  
Then they'll drink a toast to victory and sing Norwegian songs!*



*But the prisoners will do neither. Mute and frightened, they  
are blindfolded and transferred from one ship to another on  
the journey back.*





*The Commandos, too, like souvenirs. This Nazi flag was boldly snatched as they first scuttled over the Nazi barracks. It will probably decorate a trophy room somewhere in England.*



*And that is that—another bold Commando raid has come to a successful conclusion. Raids like these, of course, will never win the war alone. But the daring, courage and spirit of men like these will win it. And meanwhile—*

# LADIES & GENTLEMENS HAIRDRESSING SALOONS

BUSINESS AS USUAL



*with each raid, more and more free-minded men and women are released from the Nazi yoke—more and more recruits ready and eager to play their parts in serving the forces which strive to free their friends and countrymen at home!*



*Whether or not they possess a sixth sense, animals can still amaze the men who mastered them, as these well-authenticated stories show*

• • • Having decided to bear her first litter of kittens upon her mistress's bed, a cat, "Whiskers," owned by Mrs. H. N. Morse of New York City, proceeded diligently with the business at hand. However, after two kittens had been born, she seemed to lose all strength and lay panting upon the bed, apparently dying. Meanwhile, Whiskers' mother, "Old Sadie," was seen pacing back and forth outside the closed bedroom door.

When things appeared desperate, Mrs. Morse decided to admit the older cat. Old Sadie at once leaped upon the bed and began an efficient job of midwifery. First she cut the umbilical cords of the two kittens which had been born. Next, she bathed each kitten and carried it to the box which had been prepared for the expected family.

Finally, she bathed Whiskers, and enticed her to the box where the kit-

tens lay. Purring and nuzzling close to the mother and kittens, she induced them to sleep. When all was quiet, she washed her own face, yawned, and sat blinking stoically.



• • • In the spring of 1934, Queenie, a two-and-one-half ton elephant at the San Diego Zoo, began to act queerly. Several times a day she would go into her stall and reach up into one corner with her trunk. When S. S. Kitzmiller, Queenie's trainer, finally investigated, he found a linnets' nest filled with eggs.

Daily Queenie inspected the nest. Then one morning she sought out her keeper, grasped his arm with her trunk and pulled him into the barn. With her trunk she pointed at a spot near one of her monstrous feet. There

lay the shells of the linnet eggs—the new family was safe in the nest above.

That an elephant should harbor warm maternal feelings towards a nest of linnets is strange enough; it is doubly strange when you consider that *Queenie* was almost totally blind.



. . . A canine-chasing bunny is owned by Clifford Bach of Tacoma, Washington. Ten years old, the rabbit, named Peter, sits in the front yard waiting for passing dogs. As soon as he sees one, he kicks gravel in its face and chases it down the block.

The rabbit began his dog chasing program five years ago, after he had been pursued under the house by a passing canine. With a burst of courage, Peter turned on the dog and let fly with both feet. Then he chased it the length of the block.

Recently a woman fainted when she came upon a mongrel hotly pursued by Peter.



. . . When Dr. L. C. Potter was living in Bancroft, Idaho, he bought two young pigs, which he placed in a pigpen in the back of his house. Shortly after acquiring the pigs, he purchased a small ranch five miles from town. Placing the pigs in a gunnysack, he tossed them into the back of the buggy and drove to the ranch.

The drive was made at night and

the road was difficult, winding across a long, densely wooded plain, around a mountain, then up a canyon.

The following morning the ranch pen was empty—the pigs had dug out. Puzzled, Dr. Potter found their trail, started to follow it. It led straight back to town.

Remember, the pigs had travelled to the ranch at night and in a closed gunnysack. *There was no possible normal way by which they could have oriented themselves.* Yet, when Dr. Potter arrived at his town house, there were his homing piglets, waiting for him outside their old pen.



. . . Dr. Robert M. Yerkes, Yale University psychologist, once spent some time in Cuba observing the famous Abreu collection of monkeys and great apes. One day, while he was busy taking notes near the chimpanzees' cage, two of the inmates escaped. The keeper gave chase, but the monkeys successfully eluded him. Finally, in desperation, the keeper fired several shots in the air.

One chimp immediately wheeled in his tracks, and ran up to the keeper. Then, gently but firmly, the animal disarmed his master and laid the gun on the ground.

*Readers are invited to contribute to "Not of Our Species." A payment of \$5 will be made for each item accepted. Address the Coronet Workshop, Coronet Magazine, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois. Although they cannot be returned, all contributions will be given careful consideration.*



## ***Top Men on the Masthead***

by WALTER WALKER AND SALLY MORGAN

**W**HAT ARE magazine editors made of? It's hard to say. It is not true, for instance, that they are all screwballs—although there was one who always wore ladies' silk stockings and another who fired staff members for getting fat. Nor can it be established that they all are hard-drinking, hard-working human dynamos—one, at least, drinks only orange juice; another rusticates on his chicken farm and contacts his office only by teletype.

It does seem reasonably safe to say, however, that most top editors: 1) were born in the Midwest or South; 2) went to college, but didn't stay; 3) once worked as newspaper reporters.

Quincy Howe, himself an ex-editor, ventures this opinion: "The great editor must have a limitless range of interests; he must have limitless enthusiasm; and his interests and enthusiasms must anticipate the interests and enthusiasms of the public by the length of time it takes him to get out his publication."

But let's leave off the generalities and actually examine some of the gentlemen in question. On the following pages we have collected nine outstanding editors. Look them over for yourself.

## William L. Chenery: *Collier's*

People who expect editors to behave like characters out of *Front Page* are always shocked when they meet William Ludlow Chenery. This 58-year-old Virginian performs his job without cursing, tearing his hair or even loosening his collar. To watch him, you might think that selling 2,909,794 magazines each week is as easy as pouring a cup of tea. (You'd be wrong, of course.)

Chenery's gentle technique works wonders with his able, boisterous and devoted staff. Once when these young men were raising Cain in the outer office, Chenery stepped to the door,

said softly: "Would you gentlemen mind getting drunk one at a time?"

After graduation from Randolph-Macon College in Virginia, Chenery studied at the University of Chicago. In 1910 he got a job as reporter on the *Chicago Evening Post*. He finally migrated to New York, became editor of the *Telegram-Mail*. Then, in 1925, he took over *Collier's*—and has lived happily ever afterward.

He is a good golfer, an incorrigible amateur photographer. Also he admits that he likes to take long walks searching for birds near his Colbrook, Connecticut, home.





## Ben Hibbs: *The Saturday Evening Post*

White, lean, lean, poker-faced Ben Hibbs stepped into *The Saturday Evening Post* home office vacated in March from fellow Kansan, Wesley Whitely Stuart, there was a slight in his eye that promised a lively future for the magazine for which millions of readers are now shelling out dimes instead of pennies.

Formerly editor of *Culture Times* since Curtis Publishing Company's birth monthly, Hibbs did a thorough job of streamlining that ancient and venerable magazine. He proclaimed to the farmers that this was our war, a good year before Pearl Harbor,

thus taking a course diametrically opposed to the *Post* in pre-war days.

A straightshooting, levelheaded fellow with a pugish air of humor, Hibbs has worked hard for 30 or 40 years. He grew up in Pratt, Kansas, and although he enjoys life in one of Philadelphia's Main Line suburbs, where he lives with his wife and seven-year-old son, his roots remain Midwest.

He earned his way through the University of Kansas and even a modest newspaper editorship in Kansas and Colorado, but found the start of his career in 1917 years ago



## Bruce and Beatrice Gould: *Ladies' Home Journal*

The Goulds are to editing as the Lunts are to acting. And, each month, nearly four million women pay 15 cents each to read the result of this able editorial duet.

Both Goulds were born in Iowa—Mr. in 1898, Mrs. a bit later. Both did reporting for the *Des Moines Tribune*. They were married in 1923, thereafter collaborated on magazine stories and articles. In 1934, Mr. Gould branched out on his own as an associate editor on *The Saturday Evening Post*, but in 1935 he and Mrs. Gould teamed up again as editors of the *Journal*.

Mrs. Gould is talkative, excitable. Her smartly clad exterior is very much the sophisticated woman of the world, but her ideas are from Iowa and maybe that helps to explain her editorial success. Mr. Gould is quiet and calm, but when he speaks he's very positive.

At staff meetings they defer to one another in an almost Gaston-Alphonse manner. But Mrs. Gould explains that they collaborate by "arguing till one of us cries uncle."

They live on a 120-acre New Jersey farm that looks like a color photograph from the *Ladies' Home Journal*.



## Sumner Blossom: Amerienn

Sumner Blossom was born in Missouri 40-odd years ago and still manages to look a little hayseed.

He began his publishing career at the age of nine as a newsboy. He became, successively, a movie-film repairman (still has the calluses on his fingertips); a packer of salesmen's trunks (fired for sleeping in one of the trunks); timekeeper in a copper mine (also served as nursemaid for engineers on pay nights); reporter on the *Kansas City Star*; military commander of Sousa's Navy Band; navigation officer of a transport carrying troops to

France; staff member of the *New York Daily News*; editor of *Popular Science Monthly*. In 1921 he took over the editorship of the *American* magazine.

Blossom has now settled down in a quiet little fishing village 58 miles from New York. At the office, he keeps well hidden in the back room, delegates most contact work to his associates. A man of few and pithy words, he has two phrases to describe any manuscript under consideration: 1) It is publishable; or 2) it stinks. His sharp eye for the former has put the *American's* circulation at 2,291,758.



## Vernon Pope: *Look*

Vernon Knox Pope, running short of cash back in 1925, quit Drake University and got three jobs: as a waiter, as a helper in a doughnut factory and as a cub reporter on the *Des Moines Tribune*. At the end of a year, he was made assistant city editor of the *Tribune* and consequently resigned his other two jobs.

In 1927 he was promoted to picture editor, took to his work so enthusiastically that soon he took over the rotogravure section of the *Sunday Register*, sister paper of the *Tribune*.

It was on the *Register* that Pope developed the then revolutionary technique of telling stories in sequences of photographs. Sunday circulation

began to grow and the publishers began to experiment with a picture magazine. The result was *Look* and Pope was its editor.

Pope, a 36-year-old South Dakotan, bounds around the office like a nervous, enthusiastic kangaroo, leaving half-finished conversations strewn behind him. He plans every story, chooses every picture published in *Look*—managing thereby to please 2,004,110 readers.

His staff members call him by his first name, barge in and out of his office without knocking. His vices: driving at breakneck speed, bluffing cutrageously at dime-limit poker. He hates pictures of snakes.

PHOTO BY BOB HANSEN, *LOOK*



## John Billings: *Life*

Forty-four-year-old John Shaw Billings is a big, bull-voiced South Carolinian with a passion for regularity and hard work. He sits down at his desk at 9:39 each morning, labors until six. An expert at organization, he manages his huge staff with military precision, but without military despotism. An associate says of him: "John Billings is so damned normal that it's abnormal."

Billings' Harvard education was interrupted by the war, in which he served as a second lieutenant in the U. S. Army. He began working for *Time* in 1929; four years later was made managing editor—a job he held until *Life* began in 1936. As managing editor of that magazine, he has built

a circulation of 3,253,295.

He has no truck with the interoffice communication system; when he wants a staff member, he leans back and bellows. He lives in an apartment on Fifth Avenue, owns a plantation in South Carolina. Extremely shy, he avoids all groups of more than three. He is popular with his staff, but never chummy. He hates pictures of Indians.



## Frederick Lewis Allen: *Harpers*

Frederick Lewis Allen, a lean, good-natured, 51-year-old Bostonian, edits America's oldest magazine. It is his job each month to dish up a serious reading diet for 106,846 highbrows—a task he performs without growing stuffy or ivy-clad. His habitual and genial grin is come by honestly; back in his Harvard days, he worked with Bob Benchley and Gluyas Williams on the humorous *Lampoon*.

After graduation from Harvard, Allen hung around for two years teaching English. He then moved

across town to become assistant editor of the *Atlantic Monthly* for a two-year stretch. There followed a year as managing editor of the old *Century* and a lively wartime period on the Council for National Defense. In 1923, he joined *Harpers* as an assistant editor, and last year, after 18 years of service, he was made editor.

Allen lives in a neat house not far from his office. Often he ducks home at lunch-time, plays a quick game of tennis before donning a fresh set of tweeds and returning to work.

PHOTO BY NEWSPICTURES





## Henry Bull: *Town and Country*

Thirty-seven-year-old Henry Adair Bull, Jr., edits his superslick magazine for a select, sophisticated, socialite audience of 31,248 who look upon *Town and Country* as a plush and private trade journal.

Bull whirls in the best of circles, gained immortality in 1936 by lambasting the King of England (Edward VIII) in a pillow fight. Garry Bull is one of the few colorful personalities in the magazine editor field, which as a whole seems to have lost a great deal in this respect since the days of Ray

Long, Bob Davis and Frank Harris.

Dapper and lanky, he performs his editorial chore with an elegant grace and an iron hand. If all of his assistants put thumbs down on a story he likes, usually he publishes it.

Out of Buffalo, N. Y., by way of Harvard, he first worked on *International Studio Magazine*—an art publication; 1931 saw him assistant editor of *Town and Country*; 1935, editor.

He dislikes football, literary teas, split infinitives; enjoys bridge, riding, modern art—and editing.



## DeWitt Wallace: *Reader's Digest*

DeWitt Wallace invented the *Reader's Digest*. He edited it from the beginning and he and his wife have edited it ever since. Moreover, the two of them own it—lock, stock and barrel. And which means that Wallace has more personal power than any other editor in America. He exercises it with confidence and a nervous laugh.

Wallace was born in St. Paul almost 50 years ago, went to Macalester College there and to the University of California. After working three years for a St. Paul book publisher, he went off to war. In 1921, out of work, he tried to sell New York publishers on the idea of the Digest—but failed.

Wallace got married, borrowed about \$5,000 in dribblets from his friends, became his own publisher. Then his talented wife, Lila Acheson, quit her job which had helped support the enterprise, and became co-editor. By

1923, the two Wallaces were Digesting for 7,000 readers. Today, a staff of 60 editors (several of whom are paid \$99,500 a year) produce the magazine. Over six million copies are printed monthly, including 385,000 in Spanish and 100,000 in Portuguese.



Meet this twentieth-century crusader who put his personality into a newspaper—even changing the editorial “we” to capital “I”



## Ingersoll of “PM”

by ROBERT W. MARKS

RALPH INGERSOLL is an informal, easy-going man; and *PM*, his personal paper, is an informal, easy-going paper. It's no easy thing to divorce the two.

Some critics say that Ingersoll spreads himself too thin—that, on occasion, he appears in almost every section of *PM*. At one time you find that “Ingersoll Reports on London”; again, that “Ingersoll Reports on Moscow.” In the interval you find Ingersoll signing all the editorials and countless interoffice memos—in boxes.

“How about all this?” I asked him when I dropped up to his office. “People are beginning to call the paper *Ralph's Diary*.”

Ingersoll was understanding. “That impression,” he explained, “was created by the simple fact that I happened to cover the two big stories of the year myself—and by the fact that I do write most of the editorials.”

Ralph McAllister Ingersoll is a descendant of Ward McAllister, the unofficial organizer of New York's official Four Hundred. He is tall, lean, suave, warm, casual, and lipsy. He is also congenitally liberal, hyper-introspective—and radiant with the well-fed gentleness of Hotchkiss and Yale.

He has grown up decidedly on the progressive-school side of journalism. You would never picture him hocking his typewriter or keeping blood in his veins as some ghost's ghost. Nevertheless, he has worked his way up. He became managing editor of the *New Yorker* when it was insolvent and sky-rocketed its income by straight, keen promotion. Then he became co-managing editor of *Fortune* when it, too, was in the red—and it, too, leaped up into the well-monied realm.

In 1931, when Parker Lloyd-Smith, the other co-managing editor of *Fortune*, committed suicide, Ingersoll be-

came full managing editor. He was then 31, and was pulling down a salary of \$30,000. Four years later, he was appointed vice president and general manager of Time, Inc., and, by the time he parted company with the firm, he was said to be garnering between \$50,000 and \$60,000 a year.

This, it is submitted, is not only not hay—but something no realistic corporation forks over to an editor for looking pretty.

Although the germ of the *PM* idea is supposed to have infected the Ingersoll imagination as far back as 1923, it remained latent until about 1937, when Ingersoll asked Henry Luce, his former boss, to join him in the publication of a paper which, among other things, would be "against people who push other people around just for the fun of it." Luce turned thumbs down, the consensus being that though interested, Luce wanted a paper that would be Luce, all Luce and little Ingersoll.

Forthwith Ingersoll went to his friends. "I'm selling stock," he said, "in a new kind of journalism." In short order, he collected a million and a half dollars—most of which came in in hunks of a hundred thousand. This in itself is handsome tribute to Ingersoll's drive, connections and persuasion—if not to the severity of the Federal tax laws.

Finally, on June 18, 1940, *PM* made its bow. Public curiosity was running high: hush-hush and quaint rumors had done a Jovian promotion job. Initial sales zoomed past the 300,000 mark.

Of course there was opposition.

Many newsstands were high-pressured into refusing to carry this high-octane, liberal paper; some dealers buried it under camouflage. Ingersoll promptly threw his ingenuity into high gear. Posthaste he sent his circulation manager to Chicago to buy thousands of neat little iron stands. And within a short space, *PM* was conspicuously on the street, standing firmly on its own four feet.

Soon the excitement wore off, however. Some readers were disappointed; others thought the paper dull or amateurish. Conservatives found it radical; radicals found it conservative. Within two and a half months the circulation had dropped to 64,000; stockholders were in a panic.

By fall the crisis was reached—and then, magically, Marshall Field, one of the 20 original backers, angelled in, salvaging the initial stock on the basis of 20 cents on the dollar.

ONE OF Ingersoll's great contributions to modern American journalism is the rediscovery of the significance of the personal pronoun "I." The "I" does not necessarily mean Ralph Ingersoll—it's everybody's and anybody's "I."

Whether a *PM* reporter covers a fire in Brooklyn, a turtle in the East River or a strike in Paterson—always, by the time you finish the most insignificant paragraph, you are familiar with the whole bas-relief of that reporter's personality. You know how and when he brushes his teeth; and you know what his fantasies, phobias and fixations were from the moment

he encountered whatever it is he was sent to encounter—up to the moment he sent Ingersoll a personal memo on the subject.

Ingersoll is decidedly a personable man and a vital anti-stuffed shirt. His editors play poker with him in his town apartment once a week. Because of space limitations, they run in shifts—the Blue team one week, the Red the next. He sits around in shirt-sleeves and suspenders, often on the floor, and will gab endlessly.

Like all colorful and controversial characters, Ingersoll is a budget of paradoxes. A sincere democrat and sworn opponent of privilege, he loves to hobnob with the great, to have headwaiters call him by name, to hibernate in the Stork Club and other hallowed joints.

An outstanding editorial champion of labor, he has had a variety of run-ins with labor rights in his own paper. For example, *P'affaire Huberman*.

Leo Huberman was a writer whose work Ingersoll himself commended. But one day Ingersoll lost his affection for Huberman and fired him. The Newspaper Guild contract with *PM*, however, makes it impossible to fire a man except for incompetence. A long and bitter fight was waged—ending in Huberman's being reinstated, receiving certain pieces of eight for back pay—then "resigning."

Some say that Ingersoll has ruthlessness about firing people. On the other hand, he has been known, at a time when his own finances were at low ebb, to go to an employee and say, "I've just heard your kid is sick.

If you're short of money, count on me for any amount."

He's said to have a well-disciplined memory, does all his personal writing by dictation. After one of his jaunts to any of the several spectacular ends of the earth, he keeps himself magnificently mum until after he has spoken his piece to a firing squad of high-speed stenographers. No talk is given out ahead of this moment.

ONE OF Ingersoll's great weaknesses, or strong points—depending on your point of view—is self-analysis in written form. He has an almost libidinous love for his memos. His original prospectus—which he continually quotes to his staff—is in the nature of a memo. He shoots through the offices countless memos on subjects from "the recommended use of a particular word" to "the state of the nation in relation to *PM*."

Some say this comes from Ingersoll's shrewd realization that all people like to feel that they're being let in on a piece of confidential information. Others hold bluntly that Ingersoll "just talks too much."

Whatever Ingersoll's philosophy may be at a given time, he not only refrains from keeping it a secret, but imposes it as gracefully as possible on his *Elite Guard*.

In his now sacrosanct "confidential" memorandum to the staff, for example, Ingersoll laid down the dictum that "In *PM* the murder will not be committed at 2614 Amsterdam Avenue, but in a six-story red brick tenement on upper Amsterdam Ave-

nue (No. 2614), the ground floor of which is shared by a German delicatessen and a Polish newsdealer." This he called "interest in the stage on which news is played."

Ingersoll believes that creative use of minutiae adds dramatic interest and shadow to story telling. In reporting his interview with Stalin, he wrote that he was not sure whether Stalin took sugar in his coffee—but that at the beginning of the interview there were nine lumps in Stalin's sugarbowl, and at the end, only seven.

The technique suggests some of the magnificent observations of the astute Sherlock Holmes.


BUT ASIDE from these quirks and foibles, there is this to be said: Ralph Ingersoll is the only man in 1942-America to publish a vigorous crusadingly-liberal daily directed towards the middle classes.

"We propose to crusade for those

who see constructively to improve the way men live together," he said in his classic *raison d'être*; and on that line not even his sharpest critics would accuse him of wavering.

He has attacked accurately and well the sit-down strike big business interposed on national defense; he has exposed and denounced Fascist by-plays in high places. He has slugged at consumer rackets, inflated prices and rent frauds without letup. He has defended labor in its multi-faceted struggles—and presented strongly the side most other newspapers would tactfully subvert. He has consistently defended Negro rights.

Ingersoll is, beyond question, a strong, vital, socially-important personality; and the job he is doing, whether or not it is self-conscious, is sane and necessary. That he has personal idiosyncrasies is as much aside from the central point as General Grant's whiskey.



### **Montague Dawson**

Readers liked Montague Dawson's seascape in our March issue so well that we are bringing him back, this time with his colorful interpretation of what is (at date of writing) World War II's most dramatic naval battle. Note ships and planes in the background, hovering respectfully about the doomed *Bismarck* like well-mannered hunters, while their comrade H.M.S. *Dorsetshire* fires the killing shots at Germany's proudest sea fighter. If your eyes are sharp, you may also spot the once elusive, now defunct *Ark Royal*.

### **William Heaslip**

William Heaslip, whose etching appears on the reverse side of this gatefold, was a Canadian flyer in the last war. Today, a top flight etcher, he specializes in depicting aviation subjects via the medium of copper plate and acid.





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COURTESY ACKERMANN GALLERIES, CHICAGO

BY MONTAGUE DAWSON

*The Final Action Against the "Bismarck"*



BY MORTALUS DAVIES

at the "Bismarck"







COURTESY ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS, NEW YORK



ARTIST ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS, NEW YORK

BY WILLIAM BRADLEY

*Propeller*



*It takes hard, tough men to turn iron ore into harder, tougher steel for America's war effort—men like these in Gary, Indiana*



## Gary Gears Up

by DOUGLAS J. INGELLS

**A**LMOST BEFORE Jap bombing planes had time to return to their carrier bases after Pearl Harbor, steel workers in Gary, Indiana—10,000 miles away—had begun making cofferdam steel plates for use in raising the ships so they could fight again. Five days later the goods were Hawaii-bound.

"Call that Yankee Spirit, American ingenuity or an over-dose of Jap hatred," says one of Carnegie-Illinois Steel Corporation's executives. "We measure it in terms of Irish and Slav muscle!"

His human yardstick is a dependable rule. Men have to work like hell to make good steel. It takes brain and brawn, energy and stamina, sweat and blood, to turn hard, tough ore into harder, tougher steel which makes battleships, tanks, planes, guns and shells.

Where the men work the hardest

and sweat the most is in the midwest community which they built themselves: Gary, a city of 120,000 population of which some 66,000 work in the mills.

The rest manage hotels, restaurants, churches, a newspaper, taverns, theaters, hospitals and banks, so that steelworkers can sleep, eat, pray, read, drink, recuperate and save their money. It is named in memory of Judge Elbert Henry Gary, onetime Chairman of the Board of U. S. Steel, which owns most of Gary's mills. But its real godfather was W. P. Gleason who came to Gary in 1906 when its population was zero, with a handful of construction workers and laid out the plan for this thriving steel community.

The "Gleason Gang" relocated 51 miles of railroad tracks, dug a ditch two miles long and 50 feet wide, changing the course of the Grand

Calumet River, paved several streets, planted more than 7,000 trees, erected hundreds of small homes, a church, a brick schoolhouse, a community building and a hospital—readying the site for the thousands of steelworkers who came, as though they were chasing a Gold Rush, from all sections of the country.

Today thick black smoke rolls out of the stacks of Gary's mills—thicker and blacker than ever before, which signifies that more steel is being made for our war effort—steel that will make Hitler say "Uncle."

There are other, bigger cities where steelworkers have their own communities (Pittsburgh and Youngstown), but none shares Gary's unique distinction of getting its raw ore (from the famous Mesabi Range in Upper Michigan and Minnesota) all the way by water. Big steel freighters (78 so far, with five more coming) steam down through Lake Superior, the Soo Locks and Lake Michigan (657 miles) to unload in one of Gary's two magnificent harbors.

Biggest Gary Steel mill (22,000 employees) is also the world's largest—the Carnegie-Illinois, Gary Works. It is so large (1,400 acres) that several weeks ago a mill-worker who fell asleep in a coal tender rode all day over the 251 miles of railroad tracks linking the plant's 29 units and sheepishly admitted he was "lost." Gary Works owns two-and-one-half miles of frontage along Lake Michigan, including 15 miles of paved roads and the largest power plant in the United States which could, if need be, furnish

enough electricity to light the entire city of Chicago.

Its workers, typically, come from farms, cities, plains and timberlands alike—representing 40 different nationalities, blacks and whites, Mexicans and Cubans, even a few real American Indians. (Right now there are no Japs.) One fellow comes to work wearing a 10-gallon hat, another won't part with his cowboy boots; another wears a lumberjack's plaid shirt, and a fourth, who hails from Tennessee hills and works in the sand pits of the Coke Plant, never wears any shoes.

BEFORE THE WAR broke out there was a big red-and-white sign hanging over the main entrance which read: **QUALITY AND RELIABILITY MAKES STEEL—STEEL MAKES JOBS.** The war has changed this. Now it says: **KEEP THE WHEELS ROLLING—EVERY DELAY HELPS THE ENEMY—REMEMBER PEARL HARBOR** with a background of red, white and blue, spotted with tanks, battleships and planes. Officials of the company will tell you that during Christmas Week, 1941, the workers here set an all-time record of 108 per cent capacity production—that Pearl Harbor turned the trick. Actually, an equally important factor is that the men are getting the highest pay they've ever had opportunity to earn.

"Hell yes, we're patriotic and loyal and we wanna beat those damn Japs," Jack Kutch, a steelworker told me, "but the majority of us are putting our shoulders to the wheel not only for National Defense, but for the

### Shop Talk at Gary

*bath*: molten metal  
*buckaroo*: a beginner  
*buggies*: ingot cars  
*bustles*: pipe bands around  
 a blast furnace  
*cinder-snapper*: a helper  
 in the open hearth  
*hard hat*: safety helmet

*dinky skinner*: driver of  
 small locomotives  
*hot bed*: rail cooler  
*lamp trimmer*: electrician  
*monkey*: where slag comes  
 off the blast furnaces  
*monkey tails*: safety lines  
*pigs*: small pieces of iron

*old man*:\* a tool for drill-  
 ing  
*slag*: refuse of the bath  
*sow*: a large mold where  
 foundry iron is poured  
*stripper*: one who takes  
 molds off ingots

\*Favorite stunt the steel workers like to pull on a newcomer is to send him after the "old man" and josh him when he comes back with the superintendent.

money we can make, plus all the overtime we can get in."

This is not true in all cases. There was one employee (an Italian) who drove up to the main gate one morning, the back end of his family car loaded down with several hundred pounds of scrap steel. "I read in the papers yesterday that the Government's running short of steel," he told one of the guards. "I thought this here might be of some use."

His employers thanked him; took the steel.

War has made this an unhealthy place for anyone who isn't a dyed-in-the-wool, first-rate American, regardless of birth. For the first time since 1917, the place is under armed guards. No one comes in or goes out without first showing the proper passes. Every employee has an identification badge bearing his picture and finger prints:

Whether he likes it or not, the steel-maker has been drafted as "Production Soldier."

The Gary Works, as is the whole community, is divided into two types of workers. (They aren't classes, get that. You don't talk to steelworkers

about classes, because it's asking for a punch on the jaw. Everybody here is either a steelworker or a "steelsucker," which is an ugly name for a guy who makes his money off steelworkers.) But in the steel mills there are nevertheless, two types of workers—supervisors and wage-earners. At this particular plant, for instance, there are 6,200 supervisors compared to 16,000 wage-earners, and about 500 women who do clerical work.

Although most of them earn between \$150 to \$300 a month at various tasks, supervisors can work up to management positions that pay as high as \$8,000 to \$10,000 a year. Wage-earners get a base pay of 72½ cents an hour to \$1.66 an hour plus overtime. Recently no one works less than 40 hours a week; this allows the highest paid about \$66 a week.

THERE IS a modernistic dining room—cafeteria style—for the supervisors who are department heads, while the workers in the mills have their own canteens (five) inside the plant which are independently owned and operated under contract with the mill.



Some of the men bring their own raw meats and cook the steaks or chops on a hot piece of slag metal. It is common to see a coffee pot boiling in the center of the foundry floor, its heating unit a puddle of slag metal.

One big hulk of an Irishman, Jack Hart, a helper in the Open Hearths, brings his own fish every Friday and boils it in a tin can over a piece of molten steel which he dips out of a furnace bottom. He makes tea in the same water and drinks it heartily. His friends say he can do it without wincing.

The workers in the mills have big appetites and the canteens do a chain-restaurant business night and day. Because of the intense heat, the men drink heavily, consuming up to 10,000 bottles of soft drinks daily during the hot summer season and in the winter-time an equal number of cups of hot

coffee. Waitresses who serve them are the only women who work inside the mills. Openly these girls (average age about 23 years) claim they have the "toughest serving job in the world."

"We learn to swear wholesomely," one laughingly explains. "And, boy, oh, boy, can these steelworkers hand out the lines."

THE "PRODUCTION SOLDIER," like the fighting soldier, is constantly exposing himself to danger. Making steel is a hazardous job: a giant steel beam weighing several tons might break loose from an overhead crane and crush a man to death. White hot splashes of molten metal can blind a man for life; metallic "soup" from the big blast furnaces spilled onto a worker will singe his flesh like a steak on a grill plate; or the spark from the "dinky" engine might ignite coke gases, causing a terrific explosion.

"Naturally, working around the hot metal in temperatures that sometimes reach 3,000 degrees hot is always dangerous," says E. H. Fyler, Assistant Superintendent of Industrial Relations. "But, according to our safety records in recent years, we figure that the average worker here is many times safer than he would be on the street."

This is not based on hearsay: Every precaution is taken for the safety of the steelmaker. Throughout the plant are numerous signs that proclaim in bold letters: ONE HUMAN LIFE IS WORTH MORE THAN ALL THE STEEL THAT WE CAN PRODUCE—THINK SAFETY—WORK SAFELY—ONE CARE-

**LESS MOVE MAY KILL YOUR BEST FRIEND.** Specially designed asbestos suits and leggings are provided for the men who work in the Open Hearths where the hot metal is poured. Steel hats, which look like doughboys' helmets, are worn by the men exposed to the danger of falling particles. Heavy shatter-proof glass goggles with colored lenses protect workers' eyes.

Outside the mills, on their own time, Gary steelworkers probably enjoy themselves more than any other group of American working men.

The single fellows generally raise hell. There are plenty of bars (Pappy Jacks, Trainer's Tavern, Club 28, The Ingot, Torino's and Sharkey's) where bartenders say mill workers sop up on the average of 600 quarts of bar-grade whiskey every pay day and down an equal amount during the intervening weeks.

Steel workers can always borrow a sawbuck (\$10 bill to you) from a bartender at a regular interest rate of 50 cents per week. And although they have their own credit unions, most of the men take advantage of this unusual over-the-bar Credit Association.

Tough, hardened, likkered-up steelworkers like their women (prostitutes preferred, and they boastfully admit it). And while Gary's onetime red-light district is closed tight, any cab driver knows the "places." Generally, though, the steelworkers drive the 18 miles to Calumet City, Illinois—as wide-open as Reno, Nevada.

The better steel folks call these men "steel trash," and they are an unsettled lot—going from one mill to

another. Gary has about 3,000 of them and always will have some. Every steel community does. They are bad, but they help keep the better folks good.

But there are thousands of men from the mills who are good, loyal, community-loving citizens. Men like Frank L. Grey, a plant supervisor who is director of Civilian Defense for Gary; or S. M. Jenks, the General Superintendent, who heads the Red Cross War Drive; or Leo Joint, a roller, and past Exalted Ruler of the Elks Lodge.

THEN, TOO, there are hundreds of families typified by that of George Giley (36), who owns his own home and makes \$3,600 a year as a first helper in the Open Hearths.

The son of George Giley, Sr., a veteran of 42 years' experience in the steel mills, the younger George lives with his wife, Annette, a childhood sweetheart, and his five-year-old son, George III, in a two-story, six-room house at 678 Kentucky Street. He is a graduate of Gary's famous Emerson High School, spent two years at Purdue University, and worked up in the mills from a job as messenger boy.

George takes his job and family seriously. His income is wisely budgeted. Last year, \$1,500 of it went into his new home which is now almost completely paid for; \$60 a month went for food; \$15 for entertainment; \$12 for fuel; another \$10 for miscellaneous articles. This year there won't be so much needed for the home, so he plans to buy at least one \$25 Defense

Bond every month for George III, who, according to his father, "is the main reason a guy like me wants to work so hard."

The Gileys get up early. George eats a big breakfast: ham and eggs or wheatcakes and sausage. But there is always plenty of it. He takes his noon meal to work with him and snatches a bite when he can. At night, after a cold shower, he comes home to a big steak dinner. Always before a meal there is grace, with young George III doing the honors. Afterwards George reads the Gary paper—especially the sports' section.

"I like Joe Louis, the White Sox and Michigan's Wolverines," George explains, "and follow them all carefully. Louis because he's the cleanest fighter who ever hit the ring, the White Sox because they are always the underdogs and the 'Wolves' because Tommy Kuzma (Harmon's little helper) played with them."

(Tommy Kuzma, incidentally, got some of that running power and muscle by working in the steel mills here during his summer vacations, as did other famous athletes, including Tony Zale, Middleweight boxing Champion; Chet Abuchon, All-American basketball player at Michigan State; and Joie Ray, former world's champion miler.)

SOME NIGHTS George spends a few hours with his son teaching him the intricacies of fly casting, his favorite sport. Other nights, when he isn't studying hard for the metallurgist's diploma he hopes to get, the Gileys

spend at home viewing the movies George has taken with his new camera. They seldom go out: once a month, maybe, to a movie if Gary Cooper is playing.

This is Mister Average Steelworker at home.

But these men do more than just populate Gary. They started the first industrial branch library system in the country with thousands of books on subjects pertaining to industry, engineering and the auxiliary professional fields. They built a large athletic field for use of the millworkers. Fifteen miles east of the city they created a modern youth camp, where in summer months steelworkers' children can benefit by the outdoor life.

In addition, Carnegie-Illinois, Gary Works, has established an apprentice training school for teaching machinists, boilermakers, welders and other tradesmen, employing them in the mills while they are completing the four-year course. And both Indiana and Purdue universities have set up branch colleges in chemistry and engineering at Gary, where many of the graduates are assured jobs in the mills before they begin their college careers.

Yes, Gary is the steelworkers' city. They built it. Their sweat and muscle spread the dirt and sand that it rests upon. Their voices are the voices of its government.

But it is the steel which these men have produced which has made people the world over aware that there even is such a place as Gary, Indiana, U.S.A.





*Fighting the Axis with the weapon he uses best, America's most famous playwright takes a leading role in the war of words*

## **Mr. Sherwood Goes to Washington**

by MARQUIS W. CHILDS

A PLAYWRIGHT with a long succession of hits to his credit, Robert Emmett Sherwood is currently engaged on the plot of a drama being played daily on the world's air waves.

Already, as director of the Foreign Information Service in the office of Coordinator of Information William J. Donovan, he has organized short wave broadcasting to various parts of the world on a realistic, practical basis.

With the pride of a producer on a successful first night, Sherwood can claim that the United States is now able to give an immediate short wave answer to the lies emanating from Berlin. If Dr. Goebbels broadcasts one of his fantastic myths at four o'clock, he is answered from the United States at five o'clock.

The truth, straight, has been America's answer to Axis propaganda. An

intensive study of the British short-wave broadcasting system during a recent visit to England deepened Sherwood's conviction that direct, reliable reporting is far more successful than any attempt to imitate Axis exhibitionist tactics would be.

Today, therefore, a steady stream of world reports from Associated Press, the United Press and the International News Service — plus a vast flow of information from confidential government channels — hourly enters Sherwood's newroom. Here, this raw material is turned over to expert script writers to be put in finished form for the broadcasts.

Sherwood was attracted from the start by a scheme borrowed from Nelson Poynter, who directed publicity for the New Deal-Norris-LaGuardia committee in the '40 campaign: whenever Willkie made a charge, it was answered within the

hour with a statement, speech, press release or broadcast. And that, in effect, is what Sherwood has been doing. Under his plan, sentries of the ether are kept on duty 24 hours a day, seven days a week—constantly listening.

Even though the new service has just been started, Sherwood believes there is evidence it is hitting home. Axis broadcasts to South America have been warning listeners of "propaganda" from the North. Similarly, Japan has begun to try to jam broadcasts from the Pacific Coast.

AS LIVE AND VITAL as his present role in the war effort, Irishman Robert Sherwood would be playing an even more active role—if he had his way. In the last war, balked because he was one inch over the prescribed six foot six inch ceiling on active U. S. fighting men, he finally got to France with the famous Canadian Black Watch Regiment. At Vimy Ridge he was gassed and later he was shot in both legs—which was not surprising since, gleaming below Black Watch kilts like twin radio antennae, the Sherwood legs must have offered an alluring target.

But this war, at the age of 45, Sherwood has had to confine himself to the Civilian front. Like practically everyone else, he had despairingly watched the collapse of France. But unlike many, he wasted little time in idle despair. Instead, he acted on his own. While committees debated and discussed, Sherwood wrote a full-page ad—a passionate plea to the

American people. The next thing he knew, the ad had appeared in a dozen newspapers from New York to Portland, Oregon. It was headed in big type: STOP HITLER NOW!

The day after it appeared, reporters noticed it on FDR's desk, asked his opinion. The President, obviously not unprepared for the question, promptly gave Sherwood's ad his hearty endorsement.

A little later Harry Hopkins phoned the playwright that the President wanted his help in the forthcoming campaign. Since then, Sherwood has continued at the President's elbow. His dramatic touches have gone into virtually all of Roosevelt's recent pronouncements on foreign affairs. Today the two men are not only collaborators but firm friends.

"When Bob first started going to the White House," one of his friends says, "he had two heroes—Lincoln and Roosevelt. Today Lincoln hasn't a chance."

As a matter of fact, Sherwood was as thrilled as a small boy on a roller coaster to be participating in a major political campaign on the inside. Normally shy and slow-spoken, he was often struck dumb when his hero, sitting there with Oxford shirt casually unbuttoned at the neck, asked for his advice. But the President was never impatient. Invariably he wanted to hear what Sherwood had to say, and often he was obviously impressed by the playwright's words. The neophyte, for his part, took his duties with the utmost seriousness. One night on the presidential train,



en route to a major campaign rendezvous, FDR recalled the Wynken, Blynken and Nod poem of Eugene Field and he began to work out a paraphrase, using the names of the Republican leaders, Martin, Barton and Fish. But he wanted to know the words and more about the poem.

"You're a literary man, Bob," said Hopkins, "you ought to know."

Guiltily Sherwood confessed that he couldn't even quote the refrain. For shame, said Hopkins, boasting that *he* would guarantee to pull out of his memory at least part of the poem. Later when the group of speech-writers had broken up, Hopkins sent a telegram back to Washington asking for information about Winken, Blinken and Nod.

Early the next morning, came a long wire in reply, quoting the entire poem. Hopkins memorized the first three verses, went to Sherwood's drawing room next door and woke him up. Then, with an air of casual unconcern, he recited the three stanzas to the mute, unhappy playwright.

After the Roosevelt victory, Sherwood was at the White House less often, though the friendship between

the two continued and deepened.

Sherwood's official career now entered another phase. He was attached to the Army Morale Branch, engaged in an effort to provide some sort of theatrical fare for the draftees in the new camps. Finally, dissatisfied after long and dreary months in the toils of army red tape, he cast about for a more active part.

And then, one day, he met Colonel Donovan. Here was another romantic Irishman who could match the playwright's patriotic ardor. Their careers had been utterly dissimilar. Donovan, a conservative Republican, Assistant Attorney General under Herbert Hoover, was a corporation lawyer with a lucrative practice. Yet at this point they spoke the same language.

Donovan had just come back from his flight around the war zone. He had put his blanket roll down beside that of General Wavell on the Libyan desert. He had exhorted King Boris of Bulgaria to abjure the Nazis. He had discussed the course of the war with Churchill at No. 10 Downing Street. About this stalwart soldier, one of the few personal heroes to come out of the last war, was an im-

pressive air of large events and mysterious knowledge.

Donovan was then setting up office as Coordinator of Information, and Sherwood joined forces with him. They have been working together ever since.

SHORTLY AFTER Sherwood launched forth on his new and exciting career there occurred an event that would have downed most men. Overnight the playwright lost every cent that he had saved out of his large income from the theater and the movies.

It seems that ever since his first success, 13 years ago, Sherwood had turned his surplus earnings over to an investment counsel. This man appeared to be the fountain-head of all financial wisdom. He even looked the part, having the respectable air of the old family solicitor in a Victorian melodrama.

From time to time the playwright sent this wizard of finance considerable sums. Exactly how much the total was, he himself probably did not know. But the amounts he has received from the movie rights alone to his most successful plays indicate it was not hay. *Reunion in Vienna* brought \$85,000; *The Petrified Forest*, \$110,000; *Idiot's Delight*, \$135,000; and *Abe Lincoln in Illinois*, \$225,000 plus a share in the picture royalties.

Everything was lovely up to a point. But it developed that the investment counsel had made some very unfortunate investments for a number of his clients. And to get the money to pay them back he had

sacrificed all of Sherwood's securities. He knew, he said pathetically, that Mr. Sherwood was such a kind man!

The victim has taken this blow with extraordinary equanimity — though, of course, he is not entirely without an income. *There Shall Be No Night* (Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne) played to crowded houses through the spring, although it was closed last winter when the Finns refused to end their war against Russia. Earlier plays are in constant demand for amateur performance, a substantial and reliable source of money for a successful playwright.

Nevertheless, the loss and the serious dent it put in his income have given him pause about his status with the government. Until recently he never thought about anything as sordid as a salary in connection with what was for him a privilege. Presumably he was on a dollar-a-year basis. It is probable that he will have to regularize his position and draw a government pay check twice a month.

His friend in the White House could not resist kidding a little about the calamity. Miss Marguerite LeHand, secretary to the President, called to his attention one morning the fact that Sherwood had been awarded his third Pulitzer prize and \$1,000 for *There Shall Be No Night*.

"Better tell Bob," said Roosevelt, "to send the money down to us so we can invest it for him."

*There Shall Be No Night*, incidentally, was a success from the first, stirring columns of controversy. Interventionists hailed it with loud

cheers, and isolationists called the author a war-monger. The last is a charge that nettles Sherwood. After the first preview performance in Providence, Rhode Island, a stranger came up to him in the lobby and said in a tone of stern reproval: "You certainly have changed your point of view since *Idiot's Delight*."

Others, recalling the anti-war play of 1935, said the same thing, and Sherwood could not allow the challenge to go unanswered. In the preface to the published edition of *There Shall Be No Night*, therefore, he hits back at his critics.

Certainly, says Sherwood, *Idiot's Delight* was an anti-war play. But it was also, he insists, an anti-Fascist play. The real villain was a sinister international munitions manufacturer. He then caps his confession by identifying himself with Harry Van, the hoofer stranded in Europe—a shabby but gallant fellow played by Alfred Lunt.

There was certainly nothing of Harry Van in Sherwood's early background, though. His father was a prosperous investment broker who went in for amateur theatricals. His mother, Rosina Emmett Sherwood, whose name follows his in *Who's Who*, achieved a considerable reputation as an illustrator. Going on 87, she now divides her time between an apartment in New York and a home in Stockbridge, Massachusetts.

As had his father before him, Sherwood went to Harvard, took a leading part in the *Hasty Pudding* shows and became editor of the *Lampoon*.

It was through the notice he attracted in the *Lampoon* that he got his first job after his return from World War I.

HIS CAREER BEGAN ON the now defunct *Vanity Fair*. Persuading beautiful ladies to be photographed and being general handyman to the elegant editors of that publication, he occasionally found a chance to slip into *Vanity Fair's* columns a sly, unintended bit of humor. It was at this time that he became firm friends with Dorothy Parker and Robert Benchley. With them, he could usually be found, during this period, lunching at the Algonquin Hotel or haunting, through the early evening and into the night, one of a half dozen speak-easies in the 'fifties.

Reading in a gossip column the cynical observation that most journalists promise themselves they will write that novel before they're 30 and at 40 are still repeating the promise, Sherwood decided to do something about his career. One reason was that he owed something like \$14,000 in bills around the town. Since he couldn't possibly take the time to write a novel, he wrote a play. It was *The Road to Rome* and, unlike most first plays, won immediate success.

With a second success, *The Queen's Husband*, Sherwood had definitely arrived. The pattern thereafter was fairly familiar: a venture in Hollywood followed with the customary fabulous contract, the private swimming pool and the near-British butler. Wanderings in Europe followed.

But money, fame and the flattering laughter of crowded playhouses—these were not for this wistful Irishman. Or so he discovered after he had written his first play with more or less serious overtones, *The Petrified Forest*. His earlier plays, he decided, looking back, had been the sheerest escapism. *Idiot's Delight* was a timid step in the new direction. *Abe Lincoln in Illinois* went the whole way.

But while the playwright had completely shifted his course into serious drama, friends found him outwardly still pretty frivolous. Even in the summer of 1939, as war clouds lay heavy over Europe, he seemed singularly oblivious to the march of events. For instance, a considerable part of his day went into the difficult task of picking horse-race winners. No amount of jibing by his wife and daughter, Mary, could break the spell as he studied the racing forms.

It took the crisis to galvanize Sherwood out of his dreamy state. The beginning of the war was the first shock. The fall of France completed the job. And the summons to the White House confirmed the Sherwood revolution. He was no longer an intellectual but a man of action. His new friends in Washington now offer him as Exhibit A of what a literary man can do if he sets his mind to it. Ideas for plays still knock around in his head, but he has had no time to do anything about them.

The White House summons is still periodically repeated. Sometimes it comes from the President, sometimes

from Hopkins, the President's best friend. Months before the Roosevelt-Churchill meeting at sea these two had debated and discussed the form a statement of war aims should take.

But not all of Sherwood's moments are so high—naturally enough.

Occasionally, a piece of isolationist fustian enrages him. He finally gave up reading Captain Patterson's strong anti-war editorials—claimed they gave him sleepless nights. Afflicted with neuritis, he suffers periodically from attacks which cause him considerable acute pain. Now and then, too, inertia, obstinacy or indifference sink him under a load of gloom.

For the most part, though, he definitely is optimistic about the American attitude.

Perhaps it is this which prompted Robert Sherwood to liken himself to Harry Van, hooper extraordinary in *Idiot's Delight*. For wasn't it to the soured old German scientist that Harry Van spoke these lines:

"I've remained an optimist because I'm essentially a student of human nature. You dissect corpses and rats and similar unpleasant things. Well—it has been my job to dissect suckers! I've probed into the souls of some of the Goddamnedest specimens. And what have I found? Now don't sneer at me, Doctor—but above everything else I've found Faith! Faith in peace on earth, and good will to men—and faith that 'Muma,' the three-legged girl, really has got three legs . . . It has given me Faith. It has made me sure that no matter how much the meek may be bulldozed or gypped—they will eventually inherit the earth."



## Quiz:



*Some words are missing here, but they're not lost. For so well known are these unfinished phrases that it's a game just to round them out*

### Are You a Quote Collector?

**C**OLLECTED here for your amusement is a miscellaneous group of proverbs, platitudes and famous utterances. They are given, however, in piecemeal form—either the first half of the quotation or the last half only is provided. Your task is to supply the missing portions.

Taking due note of the axiom that to err is human, a score of from 50 to 60 is considered fair; 70 or over is good and anything over 80 is excellent. In comparing your answers with those on page 109, do not insist upon an exact word-for-word match. If you have the sense straight and one or two words twisted, your answer should be graded as correct.

1. Well begun . . . .
2. The wages of sin . . . .
3. . . . who help themselves
4. It is a wise father . . . .
5. . . . 'twere folly to be wise.

6. To thine own self be true, and it must follow, as the night the day . . . .
7. Hew to the line . . . .
8. . . . and they are ours.
9. Give me a place to stand . . . .
10. *Honi soit* . . . .
11. . . . is a dangerous thing.
12. Render therefore unto Caesar . . . .
13. . . . is worth two in the bush.
14. Speak softly and . . . .
15. If winter comes . . . .
16. . . . always ye have with you.
17. Hope springs eternal . . . .
18. . . . long enough to reach the ground.
19. Physician . . . .
20. . . . but his soul goes marching on.
21. . . . and an haughty spirit before a fall.
22. To err is human . . . .
23. Ah, take the cash . . . .
24. . . . or assuredly we shall all

- hang separately.
25. Out of sight . . . .
  26. . . . the good is oft interred with their bones.
  27. . . . gang aft a-gley.
  28. Time and tide . . . .
  29. Millions for defense . . . .
  30. . . . one-half so precious as the stuff they sell.
  31. . . . and ne'er the twain shall meet.
  32. Nothing is sure but . . . .
  33. . . . but few are chosen.
  34. . . . like success.
  35. Little pitchers have . . . .
  36. . . . see the whites of their eyes.
  37. I regret that I have but . . . .
  38. . . . to the sweet.
  39. The hand that rocks the cradle . . .
  40. . . . lov'd I not honor more.
  41. The proof of the pudding . . . .
  42. . . . beggars would ride.
  43. The longest way 'round . . . .
  44. First in war, first in peace . . . .
  45. The apple never falls . . . .
  46. Never in the history of the world have so many . . . .
  47. . . . like a woman scorned.
  48. . . . but names will never hurt me.
  49. The burnt child . . . .
  50. A penny saved . . . .



### *The Last Ride*

MONGOLS have queer ideas of burial—or rather, non-burial of their dead. When a Mongol dies, his body is placed on a wooden, springless cart, with a fast pony between the shafts. Then away the cart tears at full speed over the ditches and hills of the steppe, in a long circle around the jurta, or home tent. Under no circumstances can the driver look around to see if the body has tumbled off—otherwise, the spirit would follow him back to the jurta and make it impossible for anyone to live there.

After a few days have passed, the family of the dead Mongol follow the same route to see whether the wild roaming dogs have eaten the body. If so, it is a good sign; if

not, then the Mongol must have been such a bad man that even the dogs would not touch him.

Near the big Buddhist temples where thousands of priests live, death occurs pretty frequently and it is impossible to take each dead monk for a ride. But there is usually a steep hill near the monastery, over which dead bodies are thrown down for the dogs. Even in the daytime a man on foot cannot pass such a place, for he would be attacked and eaten by the ferocious dogs. In winter, it is known that a Mongol on horseback has been pulled from his horse, killed and eaten. The Mongolian dogs are more savage than wolves.

—ROBERT M. HYATT



*Are the insane forever doomed to live beyond the pale of normal society? Members of this novel club furnish living proof—to the contrary*

## ***Return to the Living***

by EDITH M. STERN

**L**ET ME TELL you about my mental illness," say members of Recovery—that unique association of men and women whose Alma Mater is the Illinois Psychiatric Institute. Through a program of frankness and self-help, they are successfully combating the stigma of mental disease.

Recovery was founded on November 7, 1937, by 30 ex-patients who had regained mental health—but not happiness or security. Their "disgraced families" had a hush-hush attitude; prospective employers acted on the "once crazy, always crazy" fallacy; former friends shunned them. All right, the 30 decided, then we'll form our own group—if nobody will help us, we'll help ourselves!

Today Recovery has 750 members—150 former patients, 600 relatives or friends. It publishes a bi-monthly magazine, *Lost and Found*, has a regular schedule of parties and picnics

and a self-help labor exchange.

But the Association didn't happen all at once. In the beginning, Recovery's objectives weren't clearly defined—the 30 founders simply gathered together for comfort in a hostile world.

Then, gradually, they began to realize that the rebuffs they suffered were caused more by ignorance than by malice. People didn't understand that a broken mind could be healed as completely as a broken arm.

"Let's tell the world!" a member suggested at one of the meetings. And so, on October 27, 1938, 500 representatives of Chicago's ace civic organizations listened, fascinated, while two courageous recovered patients talked. Then the 500 went home—and did exactly nothing. Later, talks were made over the radio; then public lectures in collaboration with the Illinois Society for Mental Hygiene.

*Talented Edith M. Stern was introduced to Coronet readers last month with her article on W. M. Kiplinger, the man who made a successful business out of prophecy. Now, with this article, she tells the even more important story of how a group of once-handicapped persons has made a success out of the business of living. Mrs. Stern is well-qualified to write on human problems. She herself has solved the ever-pressing one of a career vs. marriage: not only has she a husband and two daughters but, as you can see, a very satisfactory professional life too! —*

But Recovery members might as well have been taking in each other's washing. Not a dent had been made by talking at the public.

By the close of 1939 Recovery members had to admit that crusading was not the solution. Surely there must be a better answer to their problems!

There was. It was found spontaneously at a meeting when ex-mental patient Edward Strong arose to tell his story. After his discharge, he said, he had tried unsuccessfully to re-establish himself as a shoemaker in Chicago. Then six months ago he had moved to a small town.

"There," he reported, "I made no secret of my having been a mental patient — yet I found that nobody cared. I've been able to pay off most of my debts for machinery and material. I've started a bank account. But now I want to come back to Chicago. Why couldn't you all give me your shoe repair business?"

Promptly a second member offered his services as photographer, a third

as handyman; All three were showered with orders. At a later meeting, a patient's father offered to employ a suitable former patient in his machine shop — one alumna had her spring cleaning done by another — and so it went.

Proved ability to carry on everyday jobs carried conviction; effective action supplanted futile words. An employment committee was formed, soon was swamped with requests for Recovery workers. Lost and Found began to give free advertising space to patients needing work and to employers offering work. The idea that discharged mental patients made as good workers as anyone else — perhaps better, because they'd been through the mill — had finally caught on. A triumph for Recovery was the tagline of an advertisement for a girl to do errands and general office work: *Applicant must be a former mental patient.*

CONFIDENT at last that they could earn their own living, Recovery members attacked other problems. From the beginning they had clamored for emancipation from an antiquated Illinois commitment law which branded mental patients as offenders.

With the help of Dean Leon Green of Northwestern University Law School, a new commitment law was drafted. It removed the legal stigma from insanity and treated it, not like a crime to be judged in court, but as a sickness to be diagnosed by doctors.

The bill failed, however, to pass the state legislature. Again in 1941, a



similar bill, jointly sponsored by Recovery and the Illinois Society for Mental Hygiene was passed, only to be vetoed by the governor. But Recovery is determined to push the bill through ultimately, just as surely as it finds jobs for its members!

In the meantime, while the social side of Recovery life hadn't been neglected, neither had it been a complete success. Gatherings in which relatives and ex-patients mingled had failed to afford complete relaxation.

So, in January of 1940, five boys and five girls—all but one "graduates" of the Psychiatric Institute—realizing that "outsiders" cramped their style, arranged a sleigh party. These young people, carefree and unafraid of making breaks about their "past," shared common memories, like old school friends. Ward "family joker" were interspersed with more universal wisecracks. Helen, timid and shy among outsiders, laughed and joked about nurses and psychotherapy. Sam mimicked a doctor asking questions.

So successful was the sleigh ride that Recovery members decided to stage parties at regular intervals. To-

day the association is broken down into eight social clubs of 20 to 30 members each—five composed of discharged patients and three of relatives. In the cool weather the clubs meet at members' homes or at Y's; in late spring, summer and in early fall at beaches or in parks. There they learn to lose self-consciousness under the gaze of strangers.

Coincident with building former mental patients' spiritual and emotional strength, Recovery disinfects relatives who have poisonous attitudes towards mental illness. Pamphlets on *What the Relatives of Mental Patients Ought to Know About Mental Disease* are distributed as primers of mental hygiene.

For relatives can make or break mental health when there is danger of relapse. Take the case of a former patient who begins to show symptoms of irritability. Let his family argue with him, and he becomes more irritable. The family becomes panicky; heaven help them, he's acting nuts again! Back they rush him to the hospital. There, belligerent because of his family's hasty action, he is put into soothing baths and a vicious

circle is started. The once-discharged patient resents the treatment, becomes still more combative, must be treated again.

The Recovery method and viewpoint obviates such setbacks. Both patients and relatives are drilled in the possibilities of transient renewal of symptoms. Usually, the doctor can straighten matters out in a little while. In households imbued with Recovery's philosophy, a slight and temporary relapse occasions little more consternation than the renewed snuffle of a child recently recovered from a bad cold.

For all the benefits Recovery brought to mental hospital alumni and their families, however, patients still in the wards were unaided by the movement—until a year ago. At that time, as casually as the self-help labor exchange and the self-help social gatherings had been started, Recovery came to the wards.

ONE EVENING, early in 1941, Recovery members were reminiscing about their hospital experiences. The all-time low in boredom, they decided, had been reached during the long evenings when the only official activity was a movie show once a week.

"We ought to do something to help the ward patients," a young woman, recently discharged, said thoughtfully. "Why don't some of us go to the next movies and stay and talk a while afterwards?"

Several members acted on her suggestion. Next week they returned,

added a dance. It was simple, while fox-trotting with your hospitalized partner, to slip in references to the aims and works of Recovery: "You ought to organize something like it yourselves, right here," a member suggested to an improved ward patient, almost ready for discharge.

And so a plan was evolved for a miniature Recovery movement in the hospital. Now, at the Illinois Psychiatric Institute, there are self-directed parties, at which patients prepare the refreshments and act as hosts and hostesses to their relatives. Patients have self-directed study courses and a self-run weekly ward newspaper, modelled on *Lost and Found*. Occasionally individual Recovery members sponsor individual ward patients who are scheduled to leave the hospital soon. Today "graduates" require no introduction, little initiation into Recovery.

Already the Recovery plan has been introduced into the various state hospitals of Illinois. The courageous plunge of 30 men and women four years ago touches others in ever-widening circles. Recovery has brought happiness and confidence to homes and relief to state services for the mentally ill. What these former patients have achieved can and should be imitated everywhere.

For mental illness is medicine's last bogeyman. Its permanent cure is blocked by public horror and morbidity. By our attitude we violate the principles of after-care of the once mentally wounded as we would never abuse the once physically wounded.



Just as we used to speak of cancer, "consumption" or "social disease" in hushed whispers, so now most of us refer to mental illness. And in doing so, we hurtfully surround those who most of all need confidence and affection with a fog of aversion and distrust.

Recovery members have been pioneers in piercing that fog. It remains for others to follow their course

in accepting insanity as just another curable disease.

—Suggestions for further reading:

- DARK LEGEND**  
by Dr. Frederic Wertham \$2.75  
Duell, Sloan & Pearce, Inc., New York
- MENTAL HEALTH**  
by Arthur H. Ruggles \$1.50  
Williams & Wilkins, Baltimore
- MIND OF MAN: STORY OF MAN'S CONQUEST  
OF MENTAL ILLNESS**  
by Walter Bromberg \$3.50  
Harper & Brothers, New York



### Answers to Questions on Pages 103-104

1. is half done; 2. is death; 3. God helps those; 4. that knows his own child; 5. If ignorance is bliss; 6. thou canst not then be false to any man; 7. let the chips fall where they may; 8. We have met the enemy; 9. and I will move the world; 10. *qui mal y pense*.

11. A little learning; 12. the things which are Caesar's; 13. A bird in the hand; 14. carry a big stick; 15. can spring be far behind? 16. The poor; 17. in the human breast; 18. A man's legs should be; 19. heal thyself; 20. John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave.

21. Pride goeth before destruction; 22. to forgive divine; 23. and let the credit go; 24. We must all hang together; 25. out of mind; 26. The evil that men do lives after them; 27. The best laid plans of mice and men; 28. wait for no man; 29. but not one cent for tribute; 30. I sometimes wonder what the vintners buy.

31. East is East and West is West; 32. death and taxes; 33. Many are called; 34. Nothing succeeds; 35. big ears; 36. Don't shoot until you; 37. one life to give for my country; 38. Sweets; 39. rules the world; 40. I could not love thee, dear, so much.

41. is in the eating; 42. If wishes were horses; 43. is the shortest way home; 44. first in the hearts of his countrymen; 45. far from the tree; 46. owed so much to so few; 47. Hell hath no fury; 48. Sticks and stones may break my bones; 49. shuns the fire; 50. is a penny earned.

*Opportunity is where you make it—so say these ambitious boys and girls who found it at last in their own back yards*



## **Our Teen-Age Tycoons**

by WILLIAM F. McDERMOTT

SCATTERED today in communities from Maine to Colorado to Georgia, 2,700 "companies" of young business men and girls—16 to 21 years of age—have incorporated and established businesses of their own and are going to town as industrial leaders of the future.

It's all part of a rapidly-growing, nationwide movement, its full significance only hinted at in the name: Junior Achievement, Inc. And it started back in 1919, when Horace A. Moses, a paper manufacturer in Springfield, Massachusetts, decided that youth needed a break. Youngsters then, discouraged and ambitionless, were getting the notion that the main business opportunities had all been gobbled up and nothing much was left for them.

Moses had the conviction that the battling spirit of the old New Englanders oughtn't to die out in those

rugged hills. He conferred with Theodore N. Vail, then tops in the telephone world, and Senator Murray A. Crane (both the latter have passed on, but Moses is still lively at 82), and they developed a plan to encourage kids to hatch out ideas for new products, to start work in basements, barns, vacant store rooms, or wherever they could get space, and to market their goods. And to back up that plan, the three men put up a quarter of a million dollars.

Hard-headed Yankee youths, as well as their elders, saw in this drive a chance to make their opportunity—and an end to sitting back and waiting for it. So successful was the movement in New England, that the backers felt it might go over as well in New York. It was decided to give it a try in one of the toughest districts of that metropolis—a district where kids were forever breaking windows,

stealing from hucksters' wagons, defying the law and berating the government. They were growing up in poverty, squalor and frustration. Then came the night when the men behind the new youth plan presented their idea to a group of these boys—boys whom policemen had rounded up out of the slums. It was a hectic session, and Junior Achievement was put to its severest test. But finally the men won the interest of the group, and spread before their eyes the products of Junior Achievement "factories" of other cities.

"Could we make things like that?" one youngster asked.

"Certainly," he was told.

The upshot of it all was that before the three-hour session was over the boys were told they could do it, but they would have to be largely on their own. That struck them as a sporting proposition. They sold stock at 50 cents a share to get working capital. A couple of policemen, startled at the shift in sentiment, bought a share each. Leaders did likewise. Youths pledged to buy stock—and not to steal money to get it.

They found a room, bought equipment and started out in leatherwork—their choice of an occupation. Junior Achievement furnished them with teachers. New members have come in since, of course, and older ones have gone on up into successful places in business. And today the products of that "corporation"—for such it is, legally and actually—are examples of fine craftsmanship.

The scene shifts to Pittsburgh and

the famous river "bottoms" of that region. When this section was ravaged a few years ago by floods, some of the industries moved away and left the community of the poor to stagnate in unemployment.

Then along came Junior Achievement with its magic of "where there's a will, there's a way," particularly if youth is involved. A score of aggressive youths persuaded a concern to let them use a portion of its abandoned factory. Westinghouse engineers aided the enterprise. Soon machines were whirring away.

What do they make? Incubators for the care of premature babies! You'll find them now, fully approved, in a number of hospitals and in demand by the Public Health Nursing Association.

Incidentally, this Junior Achievement group—called the Killbuck Crafts Company—also makes hearth brooms.

BUT THIS is by no means all that Pittsburgh has to offer. Three years ago six unemployed boys formed the Circleville Arts and Crafts company with a capital of \$3. This thriving concern manufactures Whirl-O-Plane toys and children's breakfast room sets. Another group of lads founded a profitable printing concern; still another outfit launched into pottery-making. There are a dozen other Junior Achievement "companies" in the area.

Thus the movement put out deep roots along the Atlantic seaboard, proved its merit and strength before

it branched inland. It arrived in Chicago less than two years ago.

By a master stroke it obtained the generalship of a veteran worker among city boys, "Art" Snyder. Already it has 23 "companies" functioning in industry and business, and plans are under way for 100 more. Chicago has 75 communities and 25 suburbs which are calling for Junior Achievement. An intensive study has revealed that groups can be organized, and supervision and technical training given the boys and girls at a cost of about \$8 each per year. That amount is underwritten by patriotic citizens.

One ambitious Chicago company makes model houses to scale, and bird houses. The house models are used by real estate dealers to show customers what their new homes are to be like and by bankers to advertise real estate loans.

Another specializes in reflector signs along the curb in front of homes, so that strangers can locate a street number at night. The boys adapted the reflector-button idea used along motor highways for traffic safety, and made a hit. Their signs are V-shaped, with the number on each arm, so that the figures can be seen from a car moving in either direction. In a few months this unit of ambitious boys had assets of \$700 and more business than they could handle.

Different Junior Achievement groups make and sell novelty jewelry, wood and plastic articles, toys and wood novelties, and articles from old buttons, yarn and newspapers. A

suburban unit got an order for 50,000 souvenir tops from a fish company just after its members had finished turning out a big supply of letter holders and napkin rings. The boys did all the work in a garage in back of the home of one of the members.

A RECENT feather in the hat of Chicago's Junior Achievement is the offer of the famous Rosenwald Museum of Science and Industry to turn over laboratories and facilities to "companies" of mechanically-inclined boys who will operate them for their own profit, at the same time giving the public a first-hand view of the machinery in action.

The girls, too, can match these success stories. Consider the Business Misses, for example. Their firm was started by 10 jobless stenographers living in a run-down rooming-house district facing Chicago's Gold Coast.

"Make your own opportunities in your own neighborhood!" The Junior Achievement slogan rang in their ears. One girl nearly exploded with a new idea.

"Say," she burst out in the middle of a bull session, "I'll bet a lot of wealthy women over here on Lake Shore Drive who've lost money in the depression and have had to discharge their secretaries would gladly pay for part-time service."

The girls sent out some cards, did some canvassing, set up an office for typing in a defunct bank building and went at it. They took dictation at the homes of their clients, who furnished

the stationery. Before long they expanded to take care of the clerical needs of many small businesses in the community.

Their only difficulty to date has been to keep the ranks filled; established firms raid their staff so much that vacancies constantly occur. One girl was hired as a secretary by a wholesale house, and her efficiency resulted in permanent, well-paid jobs for four others of the Business Misses.

The Business Misses are not the only ones who found that they were in demand in the business world once they had proved they could make their own way. In 1938, 48 per cent of all American young people, 16 to 21 years of age, who were out of school, were jobless. Contrast with this the fact that in New York State only two per cent of the 25,000 boys and girls of the same age who had had full Junior Achievement training were unemployed. This record resulted in 10,000 requests pouring in on the national headquarters in New York City for the program.

CURRENTLY, of course, Junior Achievement youths all over the country are falling in step with our "all out" war effort, and have turned their inventive genius loose in many ways to help our country win.

For instance, boys of one Chicago company are sure they have found an answer to one of the most acute problems of civilian defense against air raids. They have developed a design for luminous bomb shelter

signs which will be invisible from the sky and yet sufficiently clear and light to guide women and children to the safety of shelters even when a city has been totally blacked out.

In New York, a Junior Achievement group has taken the contract for making arm bands for block wardens engaged in civilian defense. Members of a radio repair company are taking training in the field of communications, and will be prepared to aid in manipulating warning signals if air raids come. They will also be experts ready for the field of battle when the government calls.

Moreover, companies from coast to coast have responded enthusiastically to Secretary of the Navy Knox's call for the construction of thousands of airplane models. This activity will not only make the young people more aviation-conscious than ever, but will make them more valuable for full-time work in the vastly expanding aircraft factories of the nation.

Undoubtedly the greatest merit of Junior Achievement, however, has been in its rehabilitation of individual boys and girls—like the crippled Italian girl of New York's tenements who was determined not to be a burden on her poverty-stricken family. She joined a company, worked hard, became its president and acquired poise and skill. She succeeded in getting a job on her first try at an exclusive Fifth Avenue store. Now she is assistant bookkeeper.

Or in New England, the undernourished girl, daughter of a junk dealer, who joined a Junior Achieve-

ment company for the opportunity to spend evenings cheerfully in a warm place. She developed sales ability and became regional representative for a national food concern.

Handicapped youths of New York City, who belong to the Cheerful Notions and Happy Serviteers—Junior Achievement “companies,” sponsored by the Rotary Club of the metropolis—have found an effective avenue of self-support and satisfying usefulness.

Junior Achievement is distinctive from boys' and girls' clubs or recreational groups. It is the organization of boys and girls into miniature business corporations, in which they learn how to finance, operate and make a profit from businesses of their own. By taking each job in turn, every boy or girl in a Junior Achievement “company” learns by practical experience the problems that face, for instance, the shop foreman, cost accountant, sales manager, director, financier and president of a large or small corporation. Each company is limited to 15 persons, and to capital of \$150—obtained by selling stock.

National headquarters in New York aids in organizing a new city

for Junior Achievement activity; trains the executive director; gives legal and technical assistance in the set-up; maintains a model shop, research laboratory and technical staff. It gives the services of industrial designers, business and merchandising experts to the leaders, and makes suggestions for products for “companies” to manufacture. A local organization, locally supported, directs the city-wide activity in the same way.

Into the picture come civic organizations to help, such as settlements, schools, boys' and girls' clubs; Rotary, Kiwanis, Lions and Executives' Clubs; Associations and Chambers of Commerce; American Legion, Masonic Lodges and Knights of Columbus. They sponsor Junior Achievement “companies,” provide meeting places and leaders for counseling individual units.

Each Junior Achievement “company” has four adult advisers, all volunteers from the community: general, technical, financial, and marketing. Their job is to help youth get on its own.

It's a typically American movement — and it's succeeding in a typically American way.

### *Education in a Capsule*

**P**ERHAPS the most valuable result of all education is the ability to make yourself do the thing you have to do, when it ought to be done, whether you like it or not; it is the first lesson that ought to be learned; and however early a man's training begins, it is probably the last lesson that he learns thoroughly.

—THOMAS HENRY HUXLEY in *Technical Education* (1877)



## *Gallery of Photographs*

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BOISSONNAS

PHILIP GENDREAU

CY LATOUR

G. L. OSMANSON





**"My Sister and I"**

G. T. BAKER, OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA. FOR



Y, OK  
FORBIN KOHN, WEST HARTFORD, CONN.

*Misty Moisty Morning*



***Counterattack***

SAMUEL FALK, NEW YORK CITY RAN



ARK CITY RAND, BERNE, SWITZERLAND

*Maiden's Dream*



***Matched Cubs***

ELIZABETH SOFFER, NEW YORK CITY

GEORGE





GEORGIA ENGELHARD, NEW YORK CITY

*Beware of the Dog*



*Stern Chase*

HOWE LAGARDE, OXFORD, MARYLAND, U. S. A.



LANE F. RAYNOLDS, CENTRAL VALLEY, N. Y.

*Valley of the Clouds*



***Four Fledglings***

THOMAS E. BENNER, FROM F. P. G. PIERRE



PIERRE BOUCHER, FROM C. ANDERS

**Beachcomber**



**Bagdad-on-the-EI**

**A. A. EISENBERG, NEW YORK CITY WESTEL**





WESTELIN, CHICAGO

*Sour Symphony*



**Boy and Girl**

**L. WILLINGER, HOLLYWOOD DR.**

WOOD DR. E. A. PETERSON, DENVER

*Jelly Roger*



**Mountain Music**

**BOISSONNAS, GENEVA, SWITZERLAND**





**Garden Interval**

MARTIN MUNKACSI, NEW YORK







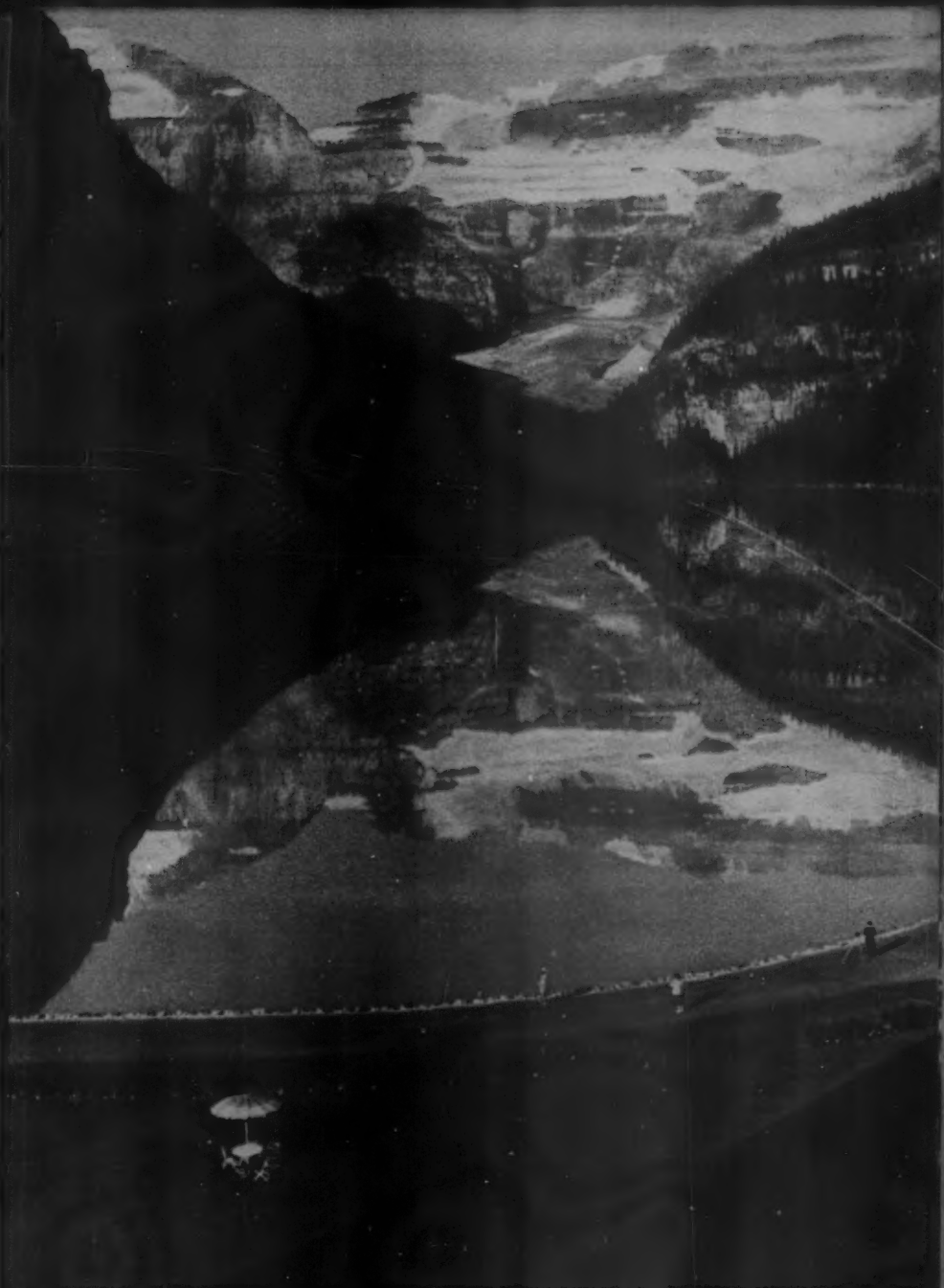


**Big Bend**



Big Bend

PHILIP GENDREAU, NEW YORK CITY



PHILIP GENDREAU, NEW YORK CITY

*Paradise Northwest*



**"Don't Tread on Me"**

**PHILIP GENDREAU, NEW YORK CITY**

CY





CITY CY LA TOUR, PASADENA, CALIF.

***Dead Duck***



**Eclipse at 5:15**

**G. L. OSMANSON, FROM PUBLIX**

## Your Other Life



*The idea that we live two lives is as old as man. These well-authenticated tales from the world of dreams raise the question, "Which is reality?"*

• • • The date of the following occurrence is intentionally omitted until the last paragraph. Don't look at the date until you have read the story.

One Sunday Rev. Charles Morgan of the Rosedale Methodist Church in Winnipeg, Canada, duly posted the hymns which were to be sung at the evening service. Then he retired for a short nap, during which he repeatedly dreamed of the number of an unfamiliar hymn. Upon awakening, he was obsessed with a desire to have this hymn sung at the service.

When the night's worship was over, his compulsion could no longer be controlled and he announced that the congregation would sing the unfamiliar hymn, which had as its verse:

*"Hear, Father; while we pray to Thee.  
For those in peril on the sea."*

At the exact moment when it was being sung, one of the great dramas of the century was coming to its denouement on the grey, churning Atlantic. The date was April 14, 1912. After you have made proper allowance for

time differences, look up this date—if you don't know it offhand—in any encyclopaedia under *Titanic*, loss of.



• • • Inventor James Watt was once beset by a recurring dream. In his dreams he would find himself walking through rain which suddenly turned to leaden drops. At last Watt said to himself, "Perhaps there is significance to this dream. Can it be that falling lead assumes a circular shape similar to shot?"

Deciding to put his dream logic to test, Watt climbed to the top of a church steeple and dumped a kettle of molten lead into a moat below. Upon recovering the metal, he found that it had disintegrated into a large number of round particles about the size of conventional shot.

As a result of this experiment, "shot towers" were set up all over Europe, and the manufacture of ammunition





ERLA

LIP GENDREAU, NEW YORK CITY

***Paradise Northwest***



**"Don't Tread on Me"**

**PHILIP GENDREAU, NEW YORK CITY**

LA T





LA TOUR, PASADENA, CALIF.

**Dead Duck**



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As a result of this experiment, "shot towers" were set up all over Europe, and the manufacture of ammunition

was revolutionized. For a century wars were fought with the product of Watt's dream of leaden rain.



• • • Once, when Britain's first naval dirigible was about to start on its second flight, John A. Benson stood watching on the banks of the Irish Sea. The night before he had dreamed that, after the airship had risen above the water, it had split in two. The forward section had sailed on, while the after part had drifted back into the sea.

Benson had considered telling naval officials of his dream. Then he decided that it would be silly. But he watched anxiously as the ground crew loosened the lines which moored the great cigar-shaped ship to earth.

Hardly was the dirigible clear of her moorings when Benson's dream began to unfold. Framework cracked ominously, fabric ripped—and the giant ship slowly fell asunder. The forepart, however, remained aloft. The after section settled into the sea.



• • • Seven thousand dollars literally went down the sewer in May, 1940, when Mrs. E. C. McGinnis of Raleigh, North Carolina, dropped a diamond pin and two rings into a drain. Hearing of the accident, George Hamilton, a common laborer on Raleigh's sewerage system, volun-

teered to undertake the search for the gems. Stimulated by an \$800 reward, Hamilton devoted three months to the task—with no results.

On September 5, 1940, Hamilton dreamed he had discovered one of the rings in a manhole about half a block from his home. Upon awakening, he dressed and hurried to the spot he had seen in his dream. There was one of the rings.

Continuing his search in the same vicinity—which he never before had considered a likely hunting ground—he found the remainder of the jewelry.



• • • Incredible as it may seem, much of modern chemistry is based on a dream. In 1865 Friedrich August Kekule, the famous German chemist, had come to a dead end. For months he had been puzzling fruitlessly over the composition of the compound benzene.

One evening the chemist dozed off in a streetcar. Soon six serpents crawled gayly into his dreams, linked themselves into the shape of a hexagon. In his dream Kekule exclaimed, "Why, this is exactly the shape the formula of benzene should have."


It was. And thereby a great bottleneck of chemistry was broken.

*Readers are requested to contribute to "Your Other Life." A payment of \$5 will be made for each item accepted. Address the Coronet Workshop, Coronet Magazine, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois. Although they cannot be returned, all contributions will be given careful consideration.*

*Fiction Feature:*

## **The Tennessee Tornado**

by PHILIP ATLEE



*Even the birds and bees fled Texas the day when Flying Cadet Knox roared in. It was probably safer for them at that—but they sure missed some fun*

**F**LYING CADET Timothy Knox looked as unlike Abraham Lincoln as a man could—and still be a recognizable member of the human race. Yet, by his own admission, Knox had much in common with the Great Emancipator. It couldn't have been size, however. Timothy Knox weighed 124 pounds, and he stood so near the ground that his fellow cadets observed that he had only to flex his knees to be sitting down entirely.

The mechanics called him "the bottle-neck of Flight Two," and those greasy gentlemen, usually a hardy clan, would retire well back into the hangar shadows whenever he landed.

If a plane came droning through the established traffic pattern, scattering the other ships like flushed partridges, that would be Knox. If a plane came in downwind, using the throttle mightily, that would be Knox too. And if a plane taxied in with the flaps down (strictly against regulation) and careened to a wing-endangering stop on the line, that would be Flying Cadet Knox on one of his good days.

How he had ever passed the physical examination at all was a matter of great conjecture. Encumbered by his flying suit, helmet, goggles, and parachute, he looked amazingly like Walt Disney's Dopey gone aeronautical. He even had the same anguished catch-step when he was marching in formation, and Sergeant Bolton, not a tractable man at any time, used to watch him and grow livid with rage. It was the Sergeant's opinion, expressed in sulphurous terms that turned the air blue for 30 feet, that the United States Army was in obscenity-obscenity bad shape when they had to fall back on a guy like Knox.

At this frank evaluation of his assets, the freckled little gnome would stand grinning in ranks. He would sniffle, set the overseas cap more firmly askew across his unruly thatch and salute with a vigor that nearly broke his arm. All for the life of a pilot was Flying Cadet Timothy Knox, and he went about the business so thoroughly that he endangered not only the lives of the flying corps, but those of all who lived near Austin Field.

Lieutenant Shaw said that Knox gave him an incurable case of Malay-

sian indigestion, and Colonel Tucker, Commandant of the field, had a dream and saw a vision. He dreamed that Knox was flying a light bomber and knocked the torch out of the Statue of Liberty's hand. The vision was so strong and horrible that his wife, a patient woman, had to wake him.

All these things happened, and more, not to mention the dog fancier who sued the U. S. government for \$3,000 when Knox went power-housing 10 feet over his kennels and caused anxious dog mothers to destroy their new-born litters. There seemed to be no end to it. Yet only one man in the history of Austin Field was ever graduated with a grade of "A" for the primary training course. That man was Cadet Timothy Knox. The way he did it was a saga and a credit to the sovereign state of Tennessee.

He showed up at the field wearing faded blue denims and lugging a battered suitcase that was air-conditioned at one end. Beginning with the guard at the front gate, he saluted everybody in sight and on the slightest pretext. It was noticed at once that his size was below the minimum, and he stood braced before Colonel Tucker like the bottom half of a West Pointer while that gentleman examined his credentials. They were in order. How, asked the Colonel, had he passed his local physical?

"All right when I left Tennessee," reported Knox. His peaked countenance was absolutely bland. "Been awful hot, sir. Guess I musta shrunk on the way."

Colonel Tucker coughed and bent



down to rattle some papers on his desk. When he straightened up, his mouth was quirked slightly. He asked how Knox had passed the mental test, equivalent to two years of college work.

"Studied, sir," answered Knox seriously. "Studied at night, like Abraham Lincoln."

The Colonel's eyes widened. He didn't get many men like Lincoln at his particular Texas training base, and he surveyed the rigid little figure with interest.

"What makes you think you can fly?" he asked; more out of curiosity than anything else.

"Colonel, sir," said Knox's tense voice, "I like the hell out of them aeroplanes."

The Colonel sat looking across the room. He was well aware of what the regulations said, and form was everything in the Army. He was a tall, spare man and the afternoon sun slanted through his office windows and sparkled at the silver eagles on his shoulders. His right leg wound, contracted while strolling through Belleau Woods one afternoon, ached a trifle, and for a while it was touch and go for the Tennessee mite. There was something else though, some vagrant fragment of pride and laughter moving in his head. Very brusquely, after a moment, he told Knox to report to barracks.

Knox grinned hugely, and saluted so hard he nearly fell over. Then he went into an extended about-face that turned him all the way around. He recovered his footing, saluted

again, and went clumping out of headquarters with the dignity befitting a man who was a regularly enrolled member of the U. S. flying personnel.

That night, before his few belongings were well stowed away, he viciously attacked a man twice his size who had merely ventured an opinion that Hitler seemed to be winning the war. Knox came away with minor contusions, and an eye blacker than a coal scuttle. He tried to conceal the eye with an artful salute, cup fashion, when he met his instructor the next morning, but it was no use. He was pronounced "Battler," and by that name he was known to the corps.

INSTRUCTOR KENNEDY had flown 6,300 hours in the air. He had flown Jennys and Spads and everything else in his day, had barnstormed and had his share of crashes. He was a man who knew flying and how to teach it. After five days of dual flight with Knox, he turned the midget back to



The 'Battler'

Flight Commander Arnold with the terse announcement that he would not be responsible for standing crops, silos, tension wires, civilian population or airplane if Knox was ever sent out solo. Arnold studied his report, and gave Knox a check ride that was an event even to a Flight Commander.

When they got back down, Knox threw out the three extra cushions which propped him up to windshield level, and demanded to know when he would be able to solo. Flight Commander Arnold was gently mottled at the jowls and breathing a little hard.

"Mr. Knox," he said with conviction, "if you fly tomorrow like you flew today, you'll solo tomorrow. Because you will throw me right out of that damned airplane."

Mr. Knox was not upset. He unbuckled his parachute leg straps and began to converse gravely about the faults, all apparent, of the plane. Commander Arnold lit a cigarette and wondered why he didn't have a farm, nice and quiet, somewhere out in the country. For the first time, he felt that he might be getting old. The next day he flew Knox again and, with misgivings, turned the Tennessee tornado over to Instructor Sorenson, a taciturn Minnesotan who could fly an orange crate if somebody only lashed an electric fan on the front of it.

Sorenson flew Knox for another week. The little man would jump up and scamper like a fox terrier when his turn came to fly. He began to pick up some of the basic principles of keeping a plane in straight and level

flight. He even got so he could do a 90 degree traffic pattern so that it was only dangerous, not suicidal.

Sorenson tried hard, for he was proud of his ability as an instructor. On the seventh day, the quiet Minnesotan uncoiled himself from the front seat and got out. He told Knox to solo for 30 minutes and report back to the line. All this very softly, with Knox hunched up on his extra pillows to see over the cowlings.

As SORENSON walked toward the Dispatcher's tower, he heard a triumphant blast of motor, and turned to see the light blue plane go catapulting off, tail rising. For Knox, never one to quibble, had locked his right wheel, spun the plane around, and started bolting straight across the field. It happened that the straight line course made him take off directly down wind, which is a common thing in the R.A.F., but was not exactly customary at Austin Field. It also happened that there were 97 other planes circling around the field. Knox had to knife through them.

Knife through he did. He zoomed off like a drunken bird. He climbed the Fairchild too steep and stalled it, but by some sheer miracle of cooking oil and a good Franklin engine, the ship recovered and he climbed again. He kept climbing, and the ships near him made a hasty shambles of their traffic pattern. After he had plowed through and was high above them, Knox went into what he thought were banks and turns but were really advanced acrobatics. He did snap rolls,

"You'll solo tomorrow."

ILLUSTRATIONS  
BY HAL KRAMER

chandelles and high pylon eights. He kicked the airplane around like a crazy thing against the Texas sky, and once he fell off into a spin.

It was the spin that made Sorenson, standing beside the Dispatcher, snap his pipe-stem through. The Dispatcher wiped his forehead and called the crash wagon, the dispensary and the ground crew. Then he rejoined the crowd of neck cranes. While they watched, Knox pulled out of the spin (after 12 turns), and immediately went back into a power dive. He flattened out at 200 feet, and boomed in for a landing. He overshot the field, went whining back around and took another shot at it. This time he eased in and made a perfect three point landing.

The only trouble was that he landed about 40 feet off the ground. Since there was no way to jack the field up, the Dispatcher and Instructor Sorenson had to stand groaning and sweating while Knox lost all his flying speed and dropped in with a crash. When they got out to the ruined plane, Knox was out and tugging mightily at the dished landing gear. Sorenson leaped off the crash truck and came running over in time to hear Knox mutter that the ship wasn't safe, wouldn't land worth anything.

When he had recovered his powers of speech, the usually taciturn Sorenson intimated that Knox would have to take a business course in order to get into a lunatic asylum. Further-



more, he, Knox, was forever through as a jockey of aircraft belonging to Uncle Sam. Knox looked at the plane and glowered; then he hitched up his parachute and trudged off.

On the way, he began explaining to some of the fascinated mechanics just why his landing had been, as he put it, "a mite off the tee." Behind him, the ground crew looked the plane over to see what they could salvage. From the crumpled wing and general smashed appearance it was evident that there wouldn't be much.

In the ordinary course of events, Knox would have been washed out and forgotten. But for some reason, he managed to survive one debacle after another. Sorenson sent him up for elimination again, of course, but he was turned back. Three times he went up for those same elimination rides, and three times he beat the rap.

In between these moments of crisis, he went about cadging information from everyone who had ever even seen an airplane. He pestered the life

out of the Flight Commanders and he interrogated the mechanics. He even asked the Dispatcher questions until that very busy and non-flying gentleman had to boot him down the stairs of the control tower, where he had no right to be anyway.

How he managed to stay in the corps at all was a mystery. It is possible that his prodigious energy and tremendous zeal concerning all flying matters introduced an element that was not defined in the Rules and Regulations. At any rate, he survived the first eight weeks with a record so appalling that the Colonel flinched every time he glanced at it.

THEY SWORE, in the ninth week, that he was a dead pigeon. He was due for another elimination ride on Wednesday, and Lieutenant Shaw, the check pilot, vowed that this would be the end. So, in the face of the stated fact that his goose would soon be rendered fit for human consumption, Knox took out a solo ship on Tuesday afternoon, for what was to be his last free ride. The Dispatcher gave him a clearance slip for Number 86, shuddered slightly when he took off and forgot him. There were other airplanes to clear, and clouds were banking up.

There is a saying that if you don't like the weather in Texas, just wait a minute. Because it will change. It changed very rapidly on this afternoon, and after surveying it gravely for a moment, the Dispatcher checked with the Director of Flying.

Soon, afterward, he signalled for the warning flag to be run up. The

warning flag was red, and it meant for every plane to land immediately. As the ships began to circle in for their orderly base legs, preparatory to landing, the Dispatcher turned to see Colonel Tucker climbing up the stairs to his elevated cubicle. The two men stood there in silence, the Dispatcher swiftly checking the descending planes.

As they came in, an ominous thunder-head moved in across the field. It was a tremendous, swollen storm area, laced with jagged lightnings. The air was damp and still, and the light pale in the forefront of the storm. The planes hit the ground just ahead of it with methodical precision. They rolled to a halt, and then turned to taxi toward the line.

The Dispatcher's head turned constantly, and he leaned forward, checking off the numbers. They were hard to see in the failing light. The whole field was covered with planes, finally; they came "essing" toward the hangars like clumsy, grounded birds. When they were drawn up into a long line, the Dispatcher flipped through his flight records swiftly.

"Cadet Knox," he reported, "flying solo in Number 86."

The Colonel swore a helpless oath. "It would be Knox," he lamented bitterly. "As God is my keeper, it had to be that sawed-off supercharged little Tennessee wart hog."

The Dispatcher checked the records again. He was wishing that the Army had put radio into primary training planes. The first raindrops began to sluice against the windows of the con-

trol tower. The whole sky around the field darkened as the thunder-head flowed over it. A clap of thunder ruptured out from the impenetrable mushroom's vastness and went echoing off the huge tin hangars.

"Crash truck, stand by!" whispered the Dispatcher into the telephone. "Advise the dispensary that we have a plane not reported!" He put the phone back into its cradle, and the two men stood gazing out into the gloom. The long line of planes was engulfed in darkness at either end. The cadets were milling around and whispering in the doorways of the stage house below.

Thirty seconds went by, and a minute. The lightning crackled, but, beside the rain, there was no other sound. The rain was cascading against the control room windows in sheets; its downpour boomed on the long tin roofs until they became huge muted drums. But there was still no other sound. The Colonel lighted a cigarette and the Dispatcher licked his lips and rubbed his neck where it ached from craning into the dark sky.

Twenty minutes went by, 20 min-

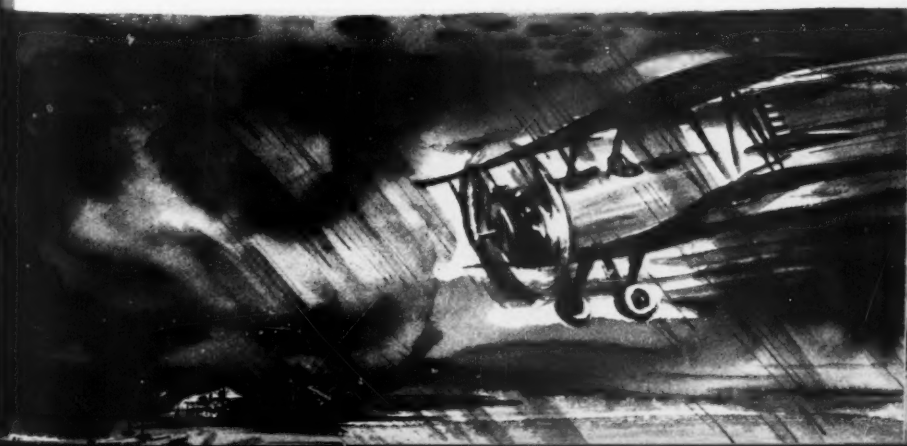
utes that had eternity telescoped into them.

"Maybe," said the Dispatcher, with a dry throat, "he just set her down somewhere and is goin' to wait it out."

Colonel Tucker grunted. His nearly-bald head was clammy with sweat; he stood staring out through the dripping windows. The red warning flag was hanging sodden on its mast. Suddenly, softly but almost viciously, the Colonel spoke.

"If that runt will only come in and get the ship down, I'll get him through the course if I have to fly him from breakfast to dark . . ." He said it in such a low, intense voice that the Dispatcher looked over at him. It sounded suspiciously like the way a Colonel would pray.

His voice died out, and the Dispatcher was rubbing his neck when they heard it. Through the sound of the hissing rain came another sound that jerked the cadets out of the stage house. Someone yelped suddenly and all the men stood there dripping and staring upward. The drone came nearer; it came rending through the darkness and faded away, and the two



men in the control tower sighed audibly and stiffened. While they waited, dreading every minute, it came again, from the south. The Colonel shuffled his feet impatiently.

"Look, sir!" The Dispatcher slammed the Colonel and turned him half around. "There, to the south-east!"

A black speck broke through the rain beyond Hangar Seven. It was a plane flying very low, not over 50 feet, and it was headed straight for the hangar. The Colonel threw back his head and groaned like a man in physical pain and the Dispatcher gripped the window sill until his knuckles showed white. It was Flying Cadet Knox trying to get home, headed straight into the hangar.

He came in nearer, so close that they could hear the wind hissing around the plane. Each man on the ground could feel himself leaning back on his heels, pulling an invisible stick that would somehow control the blind bird which was hurtling down on them. As they stared, the settling airplane lifted slightly, as if impelled by the frantic will of the waiting men. The Fairchild's wheels thrummed on the top of the hangar and skimmed over. The plane was so close that the two men in the tower could see the small head peering down the side of the fuselage. The plane slanted down, steeply; its wheels ripped into the tail section of a parked ship. Then it crow-hopped mightily and came to rest on the muddy field. The cadets and mechanics went surging out toward it in a shouting body.

The Colonel, up above them, was leaning forward. He shook his head, as though to clear it. "Maybe," he said slowly, "I'm having another vision, but if that boy isn't sitting in the front cockpit of that plane, I will resign my commission as of yesterday."

The Dispatcher looked, and shook his head with a sad, frustrated waggle. "I will take a solemn oath," he said, "that Knox left in the back seat, where he belonged." He sighed again, the tenseness flowing out of him. "May I be a foot-washing Baptist if he didn't leave in the back. Maybe he fell out and fell in again?" He stared at the Colonel, and they both started down the stairs.

CADET KNOX was standing by the plane when they got there. His gnomish face was tightened with strain, and his flying coveralls were soaking wet. As the Colonel walked up, the little man stiffened and came smartly to attention.

The Colonel's hands were knotted into balls. "Where," he asked, "is your parachute?"

Knox swallowed hard. "Took it off, sir."

"Why?" The Colonel's voice was a rifle crack.

"Had to, sir." Knox stood rigidly, awaiting sentence. "Safety belt in the front seat worked loose and caught the stick. Had to get it free, sir."

Colonel Tucker narrowed his eyes into the rain, and the crowd of cadets began to shift and whisper. "You mean you climbed out the back seat





*The Colonel listened politely.*

and into the front, to get it loose?" The Colonel fingered his nose thoughtfully, and walked over to stare down into the Fairchild plane. He came back and asked the question again, and Knox nodded ruefully. Then the Colonel said "at ease," and gazed up into the storming sky.

The Dispatcher had a splendid sense of timing. While the bottle-neck of Flight Two stood waiting, disconsolate and wet, to be washed out of the Air Corps, the Dispatcher checked Plane Number 86 as having returned from a routine flight. Then, folding his papers, the Dispatcher whispered into the Colonel's ear. "From breakfast to dark, I think you said, sir."

"What's that? Oh yes . . ." The Colonel tugged at his nose again. "Yes, I suppose so." Abruptly, he dismissed the other cadets from the line, and invited Knox to walk to headquarters with him. As the men hurried along to their barracks, the lowering sun broke through the storm clouds and slanted a pale golden wave of light over the field. Knox went along beside the Colonel like a damp terrier. He had to catch a step every now and

then because the Colonel was a tall man.

On the way, the Colonel leaned down and listened politely while Knox explained the intricacies of the Fairchild airplane. The Colonel's leg wound ached a trifle. The rain always did that, and the man with the eagles on his shoulders knew that his wife would give him hell about his damp uniform. However, be it to his credit,

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*Philip Atlee lost the first money he ever earned—a \$25 prize for winning an oratorical contest at Texas Christian University—by betting it on an ill-favored horse named Two Slipper. He was born (Mr. Atlee, of course) at Fort Worth, Texas, and admits narrowly escaping membership in that community's fast-moving set. Instead, he wrote a novel about it—The Inheritors—and renounced soft-living to go to work in the Texas oil fields. It was while working in such unglamorous surroundings that he married Joyce Clayton, an extremely glamorous fashion model. The ceremony was performed outside of a parked trailer, Mr. Atlee remarks, "with a dog biting me all the while the minister was performing the ceremony—nevertheless it's been an extremely happy marriage." During the New York World's Fair, Atlee was press agent for Billy Rose.*

he did not smile once while Flying Cadet Knox gave him the full fruit of 52 hours' flying time.

He did not smile because he was a man of some judgment, and in his mind he could see the Hunnish legions spilling like grim-faced automatons through a crack in freedom. The Colonel was aware that the processes and leaders of democracy erred and got caught stupidly in inaction and erred again, but he was thinking that they were only faulty symbols for a thing which Knox and his like would

keep erect, as a rampart for decency.

The Colonel knew it was better to train one stunted Tennessean like Knox than to produce 50 robots that could fly a perfect pattern. It was even better than having an angry wife. So the Colonel walked along, nodding and listening intently. The mechanics swarmed out and began to pull the planes back into the hangars. The mechanics were laughing and shouting as they worked, slipping in the mud. The planes would be flying again tomorrow.



### *The Story of Chop Suey*

EVERYONE knows that chop suey is a favorite dish to many Americans. Flourishing Chinese restaurants, numbering 1,200 in New York City alone and totalling 35,000 throughout the country, are tribute to its popularity.

What is not so well known is the origin of this so-called Oriental recipe. According to Ruby Foo, leading Chinese restaurateur, chop suey was born in Chicago in the gay nineties, and owes its existence to a harassed Chinese-American and his Cantonese chef. The story goes something like this:

A few days before he was to play host to a distinguished visiting diplomat from the Imperial Court of Peking, Moy, wealthy Chicago importer, held a worried consultation with his chef. Li Hung Chang, the visiting diplomat, was also a fastidious gourmet who had tasted

all that Chinese specialists had to offer, and so far had been unimpressed by the most sumptuous American banquets. A new dish must be created to please him.

The night before the banquet the humble chef concocted a unique dish of brown jasmine leaves, plump young chicken, powdered seasonings, exotic sauces and spices, simmered for seven hours.

Finally the dish was ready to be presented. Moy held his breath as the diplomat sucked up the first bites, and proceeded to smack his lips.

"What is the name of the dish?" asked the diplomat. There was no name.

"Just tell His Excellency that it is chop suey," said the wizened old chef in his kitchen. "It is nothing more than a few lowly foods 'mixed together'." —PEARL WINICK

*Bookette:*

## Jungle Performers

by CLYDE BEATTY

STEP RIGHT UP, folks, and meet a man whose business is danger, whose salary may be death. Clyde Beatty, animal trainer extraordinary, has run more risks than any man alive . . . has miraculously escaped to write this electric account of his career with the big cats. With huge respect for his courage and his real contribution to animal psychology, we present Clyde Beatty's own story, condensed from the book of the same name.

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## ***Jungle Performers***

**F**ROM MY first time in the arena until this very day I have never leaped in among the animals without feeling some fear. While the circus barkers and press agents sometimes make romantic assertions about my supposed fearlessness, these statements aren't true. For no matter how many people sit comfortably in the stands and mutter, "It's easy; it's a fake," it isn't. I can't say this with too much emphasis: animal training is always hazardous.

What are the odds against my coming out of the cage alive once I go in? It would be interesting to know. Several years ago when I first began working 40 lions and tigers of both sexes at the same time, some experts said it was 50,000 to one I couldn't live through it very long. Now I realize that there's constantly more than an even chance that I'm going to get killed or maimed at any time.

The combined weight of the cats, it has been figured out, is 135 times mine. Any one of them could kill me alone. So every time I crouch in the center of the arena, waving my chair in front of me, poking my whip at them as they snarl and wait for the right second to spring, I am tensely conscious of the risk I am taking. And I never forget for very long that many great trainers have been slaughtered in the ring, that probably a majority of them have been woefully injured, at least.

I hold lions and tigers to be the most treacherous of all wild animals. "Never trust 'em—never!" I was constantly warned when I was learning the ropes, and I repeat it now to anybody else who is thinking of becoming a trainer.

In the ring, however, I find them incapable of fixing their befogged, jumbled, confused brains on more

**by Clyde Beatty**

than one thing at a time. Suppose an animal moves one paw toward me. This telegraphs to me that he is musing over the happy idea of biting a hunk out of my thigh. Instantly I crack my whip and fire my gun. The thought of eating me up flies away, replaced by his concern about the noise of the whip and gun. And that, of course, is the reason for using the whip and gun. I scarcely ever hit the beasts with the whip, no matter how it may appear to the audience. Their hides are so tough and loose that a mere crack from me wouldn't hurt them much. And, besides, if I hit them with the whip, there's no crack to distract them.

There are other hazards which confront me constantly, some as a matter of course, some accidental. During the mating season, for example, the ardor of the sexes is so great when they meet in the arena that often it is almost worth my life to try to part a male and his female. The male will attack me with the same ferocity with which he would leap upon a rival.

And accidental hazards! There are thunderstorms which put out the lights right in the middle of your night show, leaving you in darkness among 40 beasts who hate you; rain which makes the arena floor so slippery you can scarcely keep your footing; fallen pedestals which you have to fix, putting gun, chair and whip down to do it.

Thinking over that list of hazards, it doesn't seem strange that I have

been in hospitals over 40 times in my last 19 years. It seems strange that I haven't been in more than hospitals.

One thing I've learned—that the arena is and must be ruled by mass fear. I have said that I am scared constantly. Well, so are the cats. They're scared of each other. And, funny as it may seem, they're scared of *me*, they think *I'm* dangerous. With the whip, the chair and the gun (blank cartridges!) I keep the bluff.

You get pretty hard-hearted about it when you're in there, knowing that they're watching for every opportunity to kill you. But unless you're insensitive, you discover things you like about them.

Within their own small cages, they're occasionally playful and even jolly. One day Venice, one of my roll-over tigers, trapped a mouse in her cage. With the mouse still alive, she bounced and tossed it about with her paws for several minutes, apparently with delight. Suddenly the mouse made a break for liberty and Venice put her paw down too hard, crushing it to death. Venice could not have intended to kill it for she continued patting and pawing it lightly, as though trying to bring it back to life. When she realized it was dead beyond recall, she brooded for a long time.

Lions and tigers are eccentrics just as some of us are. They are fussy and old-maidish and crotchety and set in their ways. I have known big cats who would eat nothing but hamburg-

er. There was one wacky animal who feared but one thing: a stick in its trainer's left hand. If the trainer carried a club, a knife, a pistol or even a fire-brand in his right hand, this lion would spring for him. But if he carried the smallest wand in his left, the lion would become subservient. Peculiarities like these have led me to treat each animal as a separate individual.



### **Never Trust**

**'Em:** This is a good rule, considering that a study of the lives of great trainers

shows an astonishing number were killed by the animal they trusted most. I learned this lesson once and for all with a magnificent lion named Nero. How I was foolish enough ever to forget that Nero hated me because I stood between him and complete domination of the arena mystifies me.

True, I could take Nero into the ring and he would follow me around like a dog—it was even possible for me to get on his back and ride him around the arena. This was only when we were in a cage alone, though. When other animals were in with us, his hatred of me was frequently burning and intense. On the other hand I, looking at his smooth-textured coat and magnificent head, would grow sentimental and fall to liking him.

On this tragic and ill-starred day, we were in winter quarters at Peru,

Indiana. I had recently become engaged to Harriett Evans, a trapezist, and all I had in my mind was to finish my act and call on her.

As I lazily cracked my whip at the three cats still in the cage, something conveyed to Nero that his time had come. Racing around the arena to do a hurdle jump, he completed the leap, then veered sharply and tore at me. Caught totally unprepared, I couldn't even get my chair up in self-defense, and Nero knocked me down and stood quivering over me. Deprived of my whip and gun, I lay helplessly on my back.

Nero plainly meant business. One of his paws was on one side of me, one was on the other and his great whiskery face, with its slobbering lips and cruel-looking teeth, was poking into my face. He was so close that it seemed the next moment he would surely bury his fangs in my mouth, eyes and nose.

But all at once I was possessed of miraculous strength, as men in tight spots frequently are. With a courage that now seems foolhardy, I thrust forward my right hand, caught Nero's immense chin in the cup of my hands and, straining and grunting, shoved back his 500 pounds. Still I was flat on my back. As I continued to shove, Nero gave his head a terrific jerk—and my hand slipped from his chin and went far into his mouth!

Certainly it should have been easy for Nero to bite my hand and half my arm off under such circumstances,



**by Clyde Beatty**

but evidently my fist in his mouth gagged him. He did not close down on my hand and I yanked it free.

By this time the boys outside the cage were jabbing at him with their long sticks, but Nero was undisturbed.

With a murderous roar, he backed up slightly and, sliding his enormous head along the top of my body, he suddenly sank his two long upper tusks into the top of my right leg about three inches above the knee. Then the great jaws closed and the tusks crunched down into the bone.

While I lay there powerless in awful pain, Nero began dragging me around and around the arena, bumping my head along the ground as he loped. Still my leg was firmly between his teeth; it seemed certain he would tear it half off. Desperately trying to distract him, I whistled, yelled, flailed with my arms and hands and kicked weakly with my other leg. But it all did no good; he just kept on dragging me.

My numbed brain had just decided that all I could do was suffer and perhaps die when suddenly two lionesses, favorites of Nero's, came into his view. That, I think, and the roar of his foe Sultan calling to Betsy, one of the lionesses, added to his distraction.

Lowering my leg to the arena floor but not releasing his hold on it, Nero turned toward me, his amber eyes meeting mine. He seemed to be making a choice. Suddenly he dropped my leg from between his teeth and,

with tail upraised flirtatiously; bounded over toward Betsy and began playfully licking her face and pawing at her.

When his teeth came out of the great gaping holes they had made in my leg, the pain became horrible! Later, when I had the calmness to consider it all, I saw that Nero might, had he desired, not have bothered to open his mouth and thus would have taken a large slab of my leg with him. Nice Nero!

Ordinarily I am able to shake off the effects of a lion bite within a few hours or at the most a few days. But I sensed that this bite had been different. The doctors performed a local operation which I watched; within three hours after that, I had a temperature of 105 and was out of my head. The surgeons gradually broke to me the news of the seriousness of my disease, known as jungle fever! They felt this was necessary because of a desperate solution which had been whisperingly proposed:

**Amputation!**

I was just getting to be a star in those days. I was cocky and a great risk-taker, and had more nerve than sense. I'd passed up smoking, drinking and helling around in the hope of being tops in my field. My overbearing cockiness was due to the fact that John Ringling had taken an interest in me.

One lucky day when I had been performing with the Hagenbeck-Wallace Circus, one of Mr. Ringling's

## ***Jungle Performers***

assistants told him I should be brought into New York to help open the Ringling Circus in Madison Square Garden. The big thrill was playing before thousands in Madison Square Garden.

Tossing half-deliriously in the Peru hospital, I now realized that I might never play anywhere again. With my leg gone, I'd be finished.

Finally a crucial day came. The surgeons held a conference and agreed that it either had to be an amputation or the administration of a questionable serum. But Dr. Stephen Malouf, the circus surgeon, persuaded them to let him attempt another operation in the hope of finding a pocket of deadly pus at the bottom of my leg. He hadn't reached it in previous probings. I went under ether again, doubtful of the outcome. Dr. Malouf found the pus and released it. From that moment I began making rapid improvement.

Sixteen weeks had passed; then from New York I got a telegram from John Ringling saying he had postponed the Garden opening for one week so I could make an appearance.



### ***The Four***

**Killers:** Fortunately for the members of my profession, not very many ever

catch fire when they're in the arena with their charges. However, that once happened to me—before several

thousand persons in Madison Square Garden. The fire was of very short duration, and after a careful checkup the Fire Marshal's office reported that the damage was largely confined to my pants.

You may think this was funny. Personally, I could not see the humor of it at the time, although later it did take on a comical tinge.

One thing an animal trainer can't allow himself to forget for an instant is that lions love to fight in gangs. Tigers, on the other hand, are individualistic. Before the days of the Four Brothers, I had met a good many gang-fighting lions, and had observed that the brother combinations were the hardest to control. But I had never handled more than two or three brothers.

The crowds gripped their seats when the Four Brothers stormed into the cage that day. They had cleaned up every animal in the cage—and they were out to get me. I heard them roar and saw the tunnel from the cages rock under their weight as they raced through to the arena. In the arena the other animals were already slinking toward their own pedestals for safety.

Nervously, I slapped the holster at my waist where I carried a spare gun with its four .38 blanks. This gun gave me a little confidence, though actually it was good only for distracting the cats. I never use real bullets. First, because there is real danger of killing a spectator; second,

**by Clyde Beatty**

because I don't want to kill any of my animals; third, because to kill one it would be necessary to hit it in the heart, meaning the shot would have to be fired while I was lying on the floor almost under the beast; and fourth, because an animal merely wounded would fly into such a rage that to escape it would be almost a superhuman feat.

But there came the Four Brothers!

Poking my head in, rattling the safety cage door, I quickly drew back. In about three bounds they had shot straight at me, landing with four heavy thuds smack against the bars. Leaning tensely forward in the safety cage, I pushed the door quickly open three or four inches to distract them. They didn't distract worth a nickel. Instead, Caesar slapped the door shut in my face with his huge left paw. The music of the circus band rose to a stirring crescendo out there in the Garden, the spotlight and the steady gaze of the crowd were upon me. And there I was, unable to fight myself out of the safety cage and into the arena!

Suddenly I got a break. Big Caesar saw another lion tramping restlessly on a pedestal as though about to jump down. Swinging away from me, he galloped over to take a couple of slaps at the other lion. Seizing this chance, I opened the door a few inches and cracked my whip at the back of dumb Jughead's tail. Just as I had hoped, the tip of the whip nicked his tail and he pivoted around,

thinking he had been attacked from behind. With only Nero, Jr., and Brutus facing me now, I had broken up their encirclement and could leap into the cage.

With three long strides I was out in the center of the arena, but at the same moment Caesar came lunging at me, his wide-open mouth frozen in a snarl of hate. The Four Brothers had encircled me again. I fired my gun at Brutus on the left, flicked my whip at Nero, Jr., on the right, ignored Jughead, who was listlessly tramping around at my back, and fainted with my chair at Caesar, who was directly in front of me. Crouching low so that my own face was almost even with his great mane, I slowly backed up, hoping to wriggle out of this trap somehow. Inch by inch, Caesar was following me, so close that I could see the saliva around his fangs.

Back and back I went, conscious of the folly of it but with no other course open. How I was hoping for that lucky break! And then I got it—in reverse! I twisted my right foot. Instantly I was in terrible pain; the shock of the uneven step sped to my torn leg. The leg sagged and buckled and I fell backward. Another bad break. As I dropped I threw my right arm back of me to protect myself, and it hit steel—Caesar had backed me clear up against the side of the arena. Weakly, I held my chair out toward Caesar, hoping to fend him off. He hit it with awful force and his

## ***Jungle Performers***

blow drove the chair against the gun and holster at my waist. Instantly came an explosion. The force of his punch had somehow fired my emergency gun.

Down plowed the cartridge into my breeches, tearing off the top of the bandage as well as the surface of the wound. I was in excruciating pain. But that wasn't all; I smelled smoke, felt fire. The exploding powder had ignited my breeches! Fred Bradna, the circus equestrienne director, was standing alertly by, saw the flames at the same instant.

"Fire!" he shouted. "Water!"

With my left hand I held off the Brothers with my chair, with my right I supported myself against the arena—it was too bad I didn't have another hand with which to beat out the fire. Fred Bradna, with water from somewhere, threw a bucketful on me, and the flames were soon out. Here I learned that there's a silver lining to every cloud, for the Four Brothers had been distracted by all this excitement and were now concentrating on the cluster of people around Bradna (who of course was on the outside of the cage) rather than on me. Regaining my feet, I was able to drive them to their pedestals, despite my physical torture. Somehow I hobbled through a complete performance and afterward there was a trip to one more hospital to have the wound treated. Pain racked my leg through all that engagement.

Since that day, the gun at my

waist has never had a cartridge of any kind in it. Now it's a dummy gun, mere stage property. I only wear it because it seems to make some spectators feel I am protected. Maybe such an accident will never happen again, but it seems wiser to be sure.



### ***Harriett Steps Out:***

From the first Harriett loved animals and spent more and more

time out in the "cat barn" watching me breaking new animals. Then one day she said, "Clyde, I want an animal act!"

I laughed uproariously. She wasn't the type at all. Thin, fragile, short, she had none of the requirements of a trainer, and I told her so. She reminded me that I had none of the physical requirements either.

But there had been practically no successful women trainers, I reminded her. And the reason was obvious. Lions and tigers could sense woman's physical weaknesses. They could be coerced by man's will because they appreciated man's physical superiority. But having no fear of women, they had an immediate psychological advantage.

"All the more reason I should become one," Harriett replied.

She kept badgering, wearing down my resistance, and one day at the Peru quarters she used a subtler attack.

I was in the arena working nine

**by Clyde Beatty**

lions. During a moment of rest, she called out, "How about me coming in there with you?"

"All right." I didn't want to argue any more. She scrambled into the safety cage and I handed her a long stick and told her to get right behind me and follow in my steps as I advanced toward the cats.

Standing outside in perfect peace and safety, it is impossible to realize how vastly different it will be when you are face to face with the beasts. When you're outside, they pay you no attention. But when you're inside they forget the trainer to glare at you—somebody new. With a shudder you realize the cats have no interest now in the trainer—they want you.

Harriett was like everyone else. She began shaking as though stricken by a chill. I asked her what was wrong.

"Have the boys close the windows—it's cold in here," she said, her teeth chattering.

I said as soberly as I could that I wasn't cold. "Well, I am!" she replied, "I'm freezing."

When she finally said she had experienced enough for that time, I led her out. For half an hour she couldn't talk. Taking advantage of her silence, I lectured her on the folly of the whole idea.

So, having proved to her I couldn't possibly let her have an act, I let her have one in 1935.

There were three lions and three tigers in her first act which I planned.

First I tutored her about the arena

itself. You may consider this dull. Let me assure you this mass of steel bars is as important to a trainer as the animals he's pitted against. Within it the trainer is imprisoned. He must know every foot of it, every step. He must know it so well that he can feel his way about, for when an animal is forcing him back, back, inch by inch, he can't fling a glance over his shoulder to see how close he's coming to a pedestal that will cut off his escape. No. He must sense its presence, its exact location, as he makes his slow retreat.

You could learn the feel of it only by stepping off distances in an empty arena. Done without animals, the exercises seemed a little absurd, like shadow-boxing.

There she was, backing way from an imaginary tiger. Since it's hard to look at thin air and imagine it to be a tiger, I played tiger. That made Harriett giggle.

A couple of times she miscounted and fell over the base of the pedestal, skinning her knee. She jumped up angrily and cracked her whip at the tiger which, alas, was *still* me. We took time out to laugh, then started over.

So far, Harriett hadn't faced any animals except on that day when she came in behind me and went out with a nervous chill.

As a start, we faced one tiger, Harriett leading the way, me right behind.

"Dash right up to it, crack your whip, bluff it to a standstill!" I had

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told her. But when the tiger came out slouching and snarling, that was not easy advice to heed. She wavered until I pushed her slightly. Then she sprang at it, not with the long stride I had taught her, but with a nervous hop, skip and jump. The tiger, curious about this new specimen, charged at her, and Harriett lost her footing and dropped to one knee. I ran in front of her with my chair uplifted and drove the tiger off just as he was raising a paw at her.

"Quick, cue him!" I said. That was urgent. Clambering up, she ran at him and tapped her whip on the pedestal with trembling hand. To her surprise, he dropped his head and tail and leaped docilely onto the seat. She promptly broke out in a happy smile; she had scored a first triumph. Then she began talking to him in her nervous soprano. I concealed a smile. Her voice was so shaky that it was a wonder the tiger didn't spot her as a fake. Personally, I always whistle at the animals rather than talk to them, as my voice seems to be harsh and unpleasant, and only scares them. It didn't strike me that any animals were going to be scared by her high, quivery voice.

Although Harriett was vastly pleased with that performance, I was secretly more worried than ever. How was I ever going to get her to face the animals alone? Suppose I were to say, "This afternoon you go in without me." What would happen? It was my guess that she might faint,

either before going in or immediately after.

It was up to me to figure out a way that she could find herself alone with the cats almost by surprise. What a surprise party!

So we worked along, enlarging her little collection until we had all six lions and tigers in the arena. I was always right beside her, or only a few feet away. Finally the day came to spring my little plot.

One of the tricks in the act was to get my big tiger Rajah to roll a ball, balancing himself on top of it as it careened across the arena. He propelled it as he tried to walk forward on it. I had to stand in front of him, cuing him, getting him to move his feet just right, so the ball would keep coming. It was (and is, for I still do it) dangerous, for the cats hate movement and are angry when they're involved in such locomotion. Furthermore, as the ball gets to wobbling, they grow nervous and frequently seize the opportunity to leap at the trainer.

In learning to handle this trick, Harriett would step in and start cuing Rajah after I had brought him about half way across the arena. I would simply step aside and let her take over.

On this particular day it seemed to me that the time had come. As Rajah was speedily pushing the heavy ball toward me, I stepped aside. Harriett jumped in front of me facing him and then, without saying a word, I



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stepped quietly into the safety cage and noiselessly shut the door.

Immediately after I had done it, I was sorry. Big Rajah, by some misstep, suddenly swerved the ball in its course and shot it straight toward his enemy, the big lion Denver, who was leaning angrily forward on his pedestal. Harriett, in trying to keep in front of Rajah, had got herself directly between him and Denver. Denver was right at her back, almost close enough to claw her, and Rajah was rolling the ball swiftly toward her, with his own open jaws lifted toward Denver. The ball itself was big enough to break her leg if it hit her, to say nothing of the damage that might be done by the claws of the two angry animals.

"Clyde!" yelled Harriett and looked around to discover I was outside of the cage.

I suddenly felt sick. Harriett was standing there frozen in her tracks with the ball speeding at her. "Look out," I screamed, "he's getting you in a pocket!"

She paid no heed, but remained stock-still. Denver aimed a swing at the back of her head. The ball came spinning on with Rajah leaning toward her as he kept pedaling. As I screamed once more, Harriett, hands on her hips, suddenly leaned back; far, far back. Rajah and the ball brushed past her and Rajah made a spring at Denver's throat. Rajah's anxiety to get at Denver had saved her. Instantly I was at her side in the arena and found her close to collapse.

If Harriett was nervous, I wasn't so calm myself. I lectured her over-harshly. "You'll never make an animal trainer," I told her after leading her out of the cage.

"You just wait," she said.

Harriett has since emerged unscratched from many a crucial tussle with the cats and is now an established trainer. I brag about her a lot. "She's the only student I ever had and she's terrific!" I proclaim. "I'll never have another pupil. No other one could turn out so well."



**The Greatest Act of All:** In the circus tent the lights grow dim and the music of the orchestra be-

comes a muffled wail. High up on her perch crouches the Spinning Tiger. Her body is curved like a rainbow, her tail limp, her back arched, her jaws lowered at me hatefully.

After sinking to one knee on the arena floor, probably 20 feet away, I get up and gradually walk up underneath her, giving her the so-called "hypnotic eye." When her attention is on me, I back slowly away, bringing her with me.

Gracefully she steps down from the top pedestal to the one just under it, then she keeps descending. She follows as though I might be drawing her by hypnotism or invisible rope. As she reaches the bottom pedestal, I back out to the center, holding out

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two fingers, level with her eyes.

She's angry enough to strike me now. I've got to watch every little movement of her face or body. Stalking me out to the center, she takes perhaps 20 very low, slow, slinky steps. Dropping flat on the floor, she lies there as if under my spell. I walk away, glance at the other animals and return. Still she is lying there as though hypnotized. Now I make a sudden circular motion with my right hand, her cue to come to life and begin her whirl.

Her eyes riveted on my hand, her face screwed into a snarl, her teeth bare and her lips curling, she rises slowly around on her hindquarters. Her front feet fly jerkily through the air. Faster and faster she goes until the gold and black of her coat are merged in circular stripes and she seems a dizzy disk of motion.

"Ladies and gentlemen," says the announcer, "the one and only spinning tiger in the world!"

In the beginning it was my wish merely to develop a roll-over tiger and Sleika was one of the five good prospects at winter quarters.

Sleika learned quickly and by the end of the ninth day I had her doing her first roll-over. Then I began training her to do a leap over a fire hurdle which was about seven feet long and five feet high. After springing over the flames, Sleika would leap back onto her own high pedestal. I tried to make this more spectacular by starting her for the hurdle, then dashing

in front of her and kneeling down beside the hurdle, giving the audience the impression she was deliberately jumping over my head.

Sleika executed this perfectly but I did not think of her as anything more than a roll-over animal. I probably never would have but for a suggestion which she made herself.

Sleika was meticulous as to routine. Nervous and temperamental, she was given to blow-ups. One day the next summer when I ran down ahead of her on the hurdle climax, I evidently ran a couple of steps too far. As I knelt in front of the hurdle, Sleika saw me through the slats of the hurdle and thought I was cuing her to go back. Sleika therefore stopped sharply in her tracks and did a quick pivot. She then jogged away in the opposite direction.

I didn't immediately get an inspiration out of this, but a day or two later, when again I went too far and Sleika once more pivoted quickly, I thought, "What a trick it would be if I could get her to whirl around like that every time!"

For the first few weeks I continued using the hurdle. My presence in front of it always made her pivot. But the whirl would be useless if the hurdle were required so, inch by inch, I began sliding it out of the way through the arena bars.

The next step was to move her out to the center of the arena and get her to do it there. The average trick takes two months, but this had already

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taken several times that.

So far in her pivoting Sleika had made only a few turns. What I envisioned was a series of 20 or more very swift whirls. Winter was over, however, before we accomplished that.

Then came another very difficult phase—getting her to do her dizzy turn in front of her natural enemies, the lions.

She seemed conscious that the 16 lions and lionesses filling up one side of the arena at any moment might take advantage of her curious plight and leap upon her. So she would not whirl with the lions present and I had to take most of them out and bring them back in gradually. A few times she was chewed by lionesses who jumped down and bit her back—their tendency is to attack anything that's moving—so she was always on her guard. However, I was her nearest menace and she obeyed me. The act was finally perfected.



**Home, Sweet**

**Zoo:** Everybody wants to settle down eventually—even lion trainers.

Inevitably the nomadic life of the circus performer grows wearying, no matter how glamorous it may have seemed at first. For years Harriett and I had been looking for a permanent place where we could live normally, at least in the winter.

Much as we desired a permanent

place, not until the late fall of 1939 did a solution present itself. About a year before, while on a pleasure trip through Florida, we had come upon a sign, "Lion Farm," near Fort Lauderdale. Going in, we found a Negro trainer working five lions in flimsy chicken wire cages. The following fall when we were again in the neighborhood we stopped for another look around, and this time it occurred to us that here might be a potential animal farm and zoo for ourselves.

I thought of a circus exclusively my own. I wanted a place where I could settle down, after my own active career in the arena had ended, to raise animals, possibly train them for other performers and to establish winter quarters for the Clyde Beatty Wild Animal Circus which had now become a burning ambition.

Spurred on by my good friend, Howard Hall of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, a manufacturer of farm equipment, I bought the lion farm and acquired additional land. I spent about \$85,000 clearing and digging places for grottoes, building up false mountains and constructing an African veldt populated by elands, camels, deer, zebras, leopards, pumas and alligators.

Originally we didn't plan to offer any animal acts at the zoo. The public, however, took so much interest in the informal training procedure that it became quickly evident that a regular show would be profitable.

Therefore I added the chimpanzees, Mickey and Minnie; hired Florenz

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and Kinko, well-known clowns, and with Harriett handling her riding act and her sister Jean doing an aerial turn, we soon had a full-fledged circus.

We had just got well settled. I had moved everything from the North. The Chamber of Commerce had been friendly; we'd held a grand opening to which a few thousand school children were admitted free. Everything was rolling smoothly. We wanted to make an impression on our neighbors, make them see that we were peace-loving, harmless people whose animals weren't going to cause them any trouble at any time.

Slicker the Sea Lion was one we had to watch carefully. He was known to be of a roving disposition. Sea lions, in case you don't know much about them, are members of the eared seals; they get to be 12 or 14 feet long, and move by flapping their four naked feet or flippers along the ground. When excited, they give a hoarse bark. Intelligent, they spend a lot of time trying to figure out ways to escape.

Late one night Slicker did it. Flinging himself through or over a fence surrounding the pool where he and his mate resided, he made his way unnoticed to the Federal highway, flipped down the road for a full mile and a half and turned in at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Vertiss Marsh.

Progressing to the back door of the Marsh residence, he bumped against it. Mrs. Marsh, an early riser, was preparing breakfast. She heard the

bump, thought it was some neighbor knocking and opened the door, ready to sing out a cheery greeting to her caller.

When the rowdy Slicker barged right in, flopped up onto a chair, hopped from there onto the kitchen table and proceeded to help himself to the food, poor Mrs. Marsh was dumbfounded. She was even more astonished when, in his vigorous bouncing around, he knocked over the table, sent dishes and food crashing to the floor, then rolled off to the floor himself. Slippery, he skimmed along the floor and smashed into the kitchen cabinet, which shivered from the force of his blow. Dishes clattered to the floor and were smashed to bits. Mrs. Marsh called for her husband who, with the help of some neighbors, eventually hog-tied Slicker to a tree. By this time the kitchen was a wreck.

The Marshes accepted a settlement from me for Slicker's behavior, but I am afraid I had not won a reputation as being a "good neighbor."

BUT DESPITE such little crises, the zoo has been an enormous success, financially and otherwise. Harriett and I feel that we are becoming substantial citizens of the community, even if we aren't able to spend much time in it.

But as the years go on, we'll spend more and more time there. While I have no thought of retiring soon, a lion trainer can't go on forever. For 20 years I've traveled close to 20,000

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miles a season; for 18 years I've averaged at least two appearances in the arena a day, which is a total of 13,140 performances.

So steady has been the demand for the act over the years that I've allowed myself only one long vacation—a European trip which came as a rest right after a vaudeville engagement. I was gone only eight weeks, and spent much of that time hunting new animals. There are more requests for showings than I can possibly fill, and thus my winters in Florida are always interrupted by dashes to this city or that for a week's engagement.

One of the zoo's qualities is that, with its lakes, waterfalls, exotic foliage, tropical birds and jungle animals, it

is a natural movie set. One screen short has already been made there, and other pictures probably will be filmed.

It is also close to perfect as winter quarters for the Clyde Beatty Wild Animal Circus which Harriett and I will take out next spring. The lions and tigers thrive in the climate and atmosphere, and that's primary.

So having come from cage boy to proprietor of a circus of my own, I certainly have no regrets about deciding, long ago, to make animals my career. For others, a life centered around the beasts of the jungle might not be perfect, but for Harriett and me it has been and, we are sure, will continue to be just what we wanted.



### **An Even Worse Fate**

WHEN Herbert Hoover was campaigning for the presidency in 1928 he gave a speech at Elizabethton, Tennessee. About 30,000 people turned out for the meeting.

The next week a rape case turned up in Elizabethton's criminal court. The young woman said the crime took place in the bushes at the edge of the Hoover meeting grounds. When the defense attorney came to cross-examine her he decided to make that fact the strong point of his attack.

"Young woman," he shouted, "you don't mean to tell this intelli-

gent jury that such a horrible crime took place right by this enormous crowd, within earshot of some of the finest citizens in this state, and not a man among them would save you from this terrible fate?"

The judge began to get interested. "Yes, young woman," he demanded, "are you trying to tell this court not a soul responded when you cried for help?"

"But your honor," she replied, "I didn't cry for help. I didn't even make a sound. I was afraid they'd think I was hollering for Hoover."

—HAROLD B. HINTON IN *Cordell Hull* (DOUBLEDAY DORAN)



## **Cardinal Rock**

### *The Story Thus Far:*

DR. STEVEN MASON, less than 24 hours after his arrival in Chilatjap, Java, had been transformed from dignified medico to dashing buccaneer. In the fast launch *M'ao*, with LINDSEY BROOKE, he had set out for Cardinal Rock, desolate island in the Indian Ocean, in answer to a desperate call for help sent via radio by LATHAM BROOKE, brother of Lindsey and Steven Mason's old friend. Two days before, Brooke had gone to aid JOHN HEDWICK, millionaire hermit-owner of Cardinal Rock, whom Brooke knew only through exchange of amateur radio messages.

On arriving in the harbor of the island, Lindsey and Steve are mystified by the presence of a monster Japanese sub. They are even more mystified when they are taken prisoner by von Meuller, Nazi commander. They demand to see Brooke—find him ill and feverish of a bullet wound. When Steve asks for Hedwick, von Meuller smiles sardonically. "You see him here. I am John Hedwick."

### PART III

THERE WAS a silence which endured for many seconds while Dr. Steve Mason tried to grasp what Commander von Meuller had said. When he did grasp it, he could not understand the pattern of perfidy. He looked toward Brooke. Brooke summoned strength to nod, weakly.

"The truth," Brooke said. "He's Hedwick." His voice was bitter as potassium. "My old faithful friend Hedwick . . . My tried and true radio comrade who was so lonely, who needed me so . . . Get him out of my sight, Steve, for God's sake. It—sickens me—"

Von Meuller looked annoyed. He beckoned to Steve and stepped out of the room. Steve did not follow at once. He pulled down the sheet and examined Brooke's wound. The German remarked from the doorway, "The bullet is out and primary treat-



ment was given. If you wish to treat the wound later, well and good. But right now I would like to talk to you, doctor."

"Very well," Steve said. He patted Brooke's cheek. "Take it easy, Lath, I'll be back later."

He went out. Von Meuller led him up still another story by way of the magnificent staircase, from which, looking down, he could see the entire lower hall. Von Meuller walked with a short sharp step as if he were anxious about something. He led Steve to a room which was banked with radio equipment. It was a far cry from the amateur radio equipment Lindsey Brooke had mentioned. Here were transmitters of 3,000-watt power output, the rack-mounted rig replete with meters, knobs, jacks, and switches.

"Be seated." Von Meuller motioned to a comfortable arm chair. He offered a cigarette which this time Steve accepted, and both men lighted up.

"What are you going to do with us?"

Von Meuller shrugged. "You are a prisoner of war," he said. "Elsewhere, that might mean a prison. Here it means a paradise—if you behave like a gentleman."

"You mean if I don't rebel."

"You cannot afford to rebel, doctor. I hold you, your friend, and the attractive young woman. . ." Von Meuller smiled.

"You are still very mystified, aren't you? Yes, it's quite true. I am John

Hedwick. A British subject. God save the King. You see my Union Jack flying from the tower. We are a British possession here. And from this place we will sink British ships, not to mention those of the Dutch and the damned Yankees. Oh yes, doctor, we've been planning long and hard for this revenge. It's a game that began 23 years ago, when Germany was humiliated at Versailles. I took to the field once more . . . In the last war, I was a U-boat commander."

"I don't think anything about you would surprise me any more," Steve said quietly.

"Come, come, it's not as bad as that." Von Meuller flicked an ash. "We fought hard—and we fought that Germany might win. When the war was lost, and the humiliation begun, I left my country and came to the East. My government put up the money to buy this island. I said goodbye to civilization and settled here—a hermit-scientist, to all appearances." He spoke with obvious pride at the success of his ruse. Steve's fingers tightened round the arms of his chair.

"Brooke was my radio friend in latter years. And all the time, doctor, on this harmless island I was constructing one of the finest radio and submarine bases in the Far East, waiting . . . waiting . . . We in Germany knew the day would come, of course. A German is never conquered. I took a new name; even acquired British citizenship that I might be

pure and honest. I must say the trick has worked to perfection."

"Trick?" Steve snorted. "Is that what you call this damned game of yours? Living under the protection of a country while you plot its destruction—Betraying a friend—the only friend you've had for years—"

Von Meuller caught him up sharply. "I did not bring you here to examine my motives and character. I brought you up here to see this equipment; to impress upon you my strong position. To tell you that Japanese submarines, using this base, will prevent any reinforcement of Allied positions in the southern theater. And to tell you that you may have the freedom of this island—and your woman friend her freedom too—if you help me."

"Help the enemy? I'm American, you know. I'm a belligerent, too."

"Don't be silly," said the German. "You are a fine doctor. I'm aware of your reputation. I was aware of it before Brooke used to chatter to me about you via short wave radio. I regret to report that many of the Japanese sailors of the submarine which you have seen below in the harbor are strangely ill. I am going to need their services urgently within a week—perhaps sooner—on a mission of tremendous importance. So you will heal them. As a doctor, not a belligerent, you will heal them. You have every comfort and consideration to gain if you accept."

Steve, his medical curiosity aroused,

asked, "What's the matter with the men?"

"Brooke said it was agluciosis. When I found out there was no such thing, he insisted that they were suffering from pseudocyesis. Not being of a medical turn of mind, I had to accept this." Von Meuller looked annoyed. "I still think he was lying."

Steve smiled faintly. "Yes, I suppose he was. Pseudocyesis is false or imagined pregnancy."

Von Meuller grunted. He did not like being played for a fool.

STEVE MASON, buried in his own thoughts, hardly noticed him. There was nothing to do but accept the German's terms. He had been examining all the possibilities rapidly, trying to find a way out, and there seemed to be no other solution. Later, they might be able to escape.

For while the *M'ao* had now been sunk, there remained the fast cabin cruiser which Latham Brooke himself had used to dash down to Cardinal Rock. This little 32-footer was tied up in the harbor below. It was a splendid craft, of high speed and excellent sea-going ability; Brooke had used it for his medicine calls among the islands of the Indies.

It was just possible, after all, that the moment might present itself when they could get possession of that boat. And its radio.

But von Meuller, who had been watching Steve shrewdly, instantly dumped cold water on the premise.



"The ignition keys of the cruiser below are securely locked away, doctor, if you were thinking of what a fine little boat she would make for a getaway. I should have sunk her too, but she was so well made, I could not. I am a seaman, you see. Also, I thought I might find a use for her as a decoy at some future date. Do we understand each other?"

"I am afraid," Steve Mason said grimly, "we do."

"Good."

"But I won't promise not to attempt to escape."

"And I do not promise to ignore any such attempt. I am an excellent pistol shot. Shall we go down and join the young lady for breakfast?"

There she was, in the lavish dining room below, her lovely face pale. When she saw him, Lindsey ran to Steve and clung to him without a word.

"Take it easy," he said. "It's all right."

"I'm sorry, Steve. But I never had a real chance to reach the trans-

*"Do we understand each other?"*

mitter." Her voice was shaky and her eyes wide. He could feel her trembling. "The boat was gone when I got back. They must have seen us all the time, let us go ashore and then seized the boat. When I went back, a Japanese sailor caught me."

"They tricked us. This is Commander von Mueller, the trickster-in-chief."

Von Mueller nodded coolly. "You are very pretty," he said. "A most welcome addition to my home. Indeed, Miss Brooke, had I known your brother possessed such a sister, I would have brought him down here sooner."

"Where is my brother?" she said sharply. "Where is Latham? What have you done to him?"

"I think perhaps the doctor would rather tell you." Von Mueller shook her off smoothly. "I'll leave him to explain everything while you both have breakfast." He turned to Steve. "I'll expect you on the terrace when

you're through. And we'll get to work at once on my men."

"Very well," Steve said. And his voice was dead.

THE BARRACKS were well hidden; Steven Mason had never suspected their presence. Von Meuller—accompanied by a German officer whose name was Hans Scheffler and who liked the feel of his pistol butt—led the American doctor to the lower part of the island, where the quarters had been built under dense palms and tropical foliage. There was no hospital; invalids were carelessly segregated in a portion of the barracks.

Lindsey had taken the news about Brooke rather well, and had asked to see him. Von Meuller agreed to this and had allowed her to remain with her brother while Steve went down to look at the men.

The trip to the barracks took the two Germans and Steve close to the shore and Steve could see the submarine much more clearly.

"It's the biggest one I've ever seen!" he exclaimed. "Or is it just the effect of Nazi propaganda?"

Von Meuller was not amused. "It is a Japanese submarine, not a German submarine, doctor. And you are quite right; it is the largest in the world. She is not only capable of cruising 30,000 miles without refueling, but she carries 40 torpedoes of a new and larger size, filled with enough TNT to blow your biggest

battleships to the bottom should they ever meet." Von Meuller chuckled. "And they may do that sooner than you think."

"Always a secret weapon," Steve said drily.

"Laugh if you like. This submarine has supersonic equipment by which she need never show her periscope at all; she can fire by sound, and the accuracy is uncanny. U-boats have changed much since those days when I first went to sea in them." He coughed significantly. "I command her, doctor. And this week I intend to command her in an enterprise which will destroy American and British morale as nothing else could."

"I'll read all about it in the local paper," Steve said indifferently. "Let's see your patients before your head reaches its maximum expansion point."

If the remark angered von Meuller, he did not show it. Without another word he led the doctor to the invalids in the isolated portion of the barracks. They were all young Japanese boys—once sturdy—but now they looked very sick. Steve consulted the charts which Latham Brooke had kept.

The language was all medical. Too much medical. No layman could have understood the wording. Indeed, Steve doubted that a trained nurse could have made sense of Brooke's jumble. For what Brooke had done was keep a record for his own information, and not for von Meuller's.

There, in large letters, PSEUDO-

CYSES was written. Steve chuckled again at the sight of that false and amusing diagnosis. According to the graphs, these 30 Japanese submarine men had, at the outset, a mild case of typhoid, incurred from drinking polluted waters. Brooke had even added a note: *Too bad it couldn't have been cholera; then I couldn't have done any thing.*

But the typhoid seemed to have disappeared. Certainly the sailors did not have typhoid now. Steve examined a few of them, and the symptoms were all the same. Extreme pain, aching kidneys, urinary bleeding, and agonized irritation throughout the whole genital area. The men were complete wrecks. Steve repressed a sardonic smile. Damn Brooke, he thought, amused; damn and bless Brooke for his evil sense of humor.

"I have no medicines," said Steve to von Meuller. "I think I know what is wrong with these men, and it isn't pseudocyesis."

Von Meuller's eyes were half-shut and his face was cold. "Doctor, let me emphasize one thing. These men must be fit by the end of the week. If I must, I will sail without them, but she is a big ship and she requires her crew. Let me warn you not to try a double-cross—"

"You're a fine one to talk about double-crossing!" Steve flared. Then he caught himself. ". . . Well, let's skip the name-calling—Where is Brooke's medicine bag? What these men need is a diuretic. They have

poisoned kidneys from bad water."

This was an outright lie, of course. When Brooke's bag was delivered to him, he searched through it, and he found—as he knew he would—the bottle of tincture of cantharides with which Brooke had been dosing the Japanese complement. This poison, fatal in larger doses, was a diuretic, certainly, but in smaller doses, it was irritating enough to cause bleeding and pain. Brooke had stopped short of fatal doses, but his treatment had been hard on the sailors. Steve put his conscience aside, and marking Brooke's chart on dosage, followed his lead.

Von Meuller certainly would not have his men that week or any week while such treatment continued.

"Do you think you can cure them?" von Meuller asked.

"If they respond to the treatment," said Steve, "they'll be as good as new by Thursday. Anything else?"

"No. You are on your own. I'll keep my word. You have the freedom of the island. But not freedom of action. Never forget that. You will have a guard with you at all times." With that, von Meuller left him.

THE GUARD was not so bad. He was a little Jap with remote eyes. For two days, he followed Steven Mason around. For two days, he followed Lindsey Brooke around too, for she and Steve were always together.

At first, this had come about quite naturally. They were thrown to-

gether. Then it continued by design. They visited with Brooke when the German allowed them to do so. Steve treated Brooke's wound, found it progressing neatly, no peritonitis. Other times, Steve and Lindsey wandered around the unoccupied side of the island, with their little Jap guard, and they were always watching for a ship.

They were sitting on the sands of the beach on the third morning, when Steve suddenly said, "I wouldn't mind living the rest of my life on this place, under certain circumstances."

"What circumstances?" Lindsey asked.

"Well, if it were really a desert island," he said, "and you were marooned here with me, then I'd think it marvelous good luck."

He reached out and took her hand, and Lindsey looked up at him and smiled happily. "It's good to hear you say that, Steve. I thought you'd—"

He knew what she was going to say, and he wouldn't let her finish. "You thought I'd forgotten what I said down there on the beach, before we knew what we'd gotten into? Well, I don't blame you. I don't know how to say any of the nice things a girl wants to hear. I think you're the most beautiful girl I've ever seen. I try to think of every imaginable excuse to be with you. But every time I try to say anything—I get all twisted—I— Hang it, Lindsey, you know I love you."

He had been staring out at the sea,

the words tumbling out as if almost at their own will. Now he turned and saw her looking at him with eyes shining, lips faintly curved. He drew her to him and kissed her. Von Meuller, the submarine—even the Jap guard in the background—were forgotten.

LINDSEY pulled away at last. "I love you, too, Steve," she whispered. "But Steve, I'm afraid—"

Steve reluctantly came back to reality. Like a man waking from a dream, he looked around and saw the guard smiling, his eyes on them.

"Damn that Jap," he muttered.

"No, it's not that. Of course it would be nicer if he weren't around all the time—" her voice trailed off. Then she went on, more seriously, "No, Steve. I'm worried about von Meuller. There's something about him that frightens me. I don't mean all the gunplay—or his nasty way of ordering people around. It's something else—"

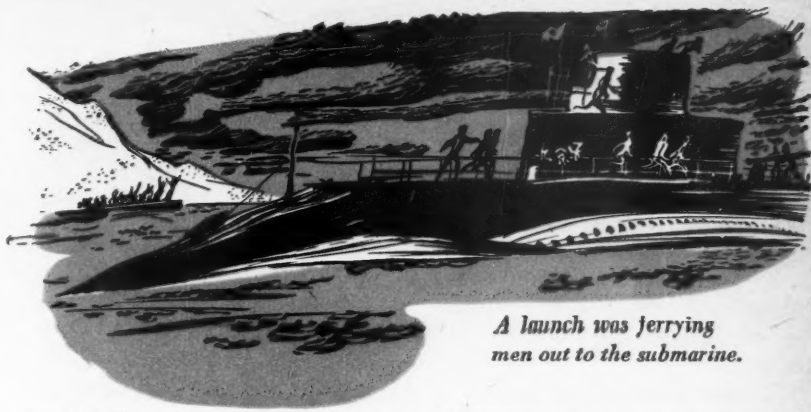
"I was hoping you wouldn't notice it," Steve said. "Thought maybe I could take care of him first. You mean the way he's been looking at you?"

She nodded.

Steve's mouth tightened. "We've got to get the hell out of this place, somehow." He sat there a while longer, lost in thought. Abruptly he broke off. "Let's go see Lath."

But before they could see Latham Brooke, they were stopped in the hallway of the great house. Commander





*A launch was ferrying men out to the submarine.*

von Meuller stopped them, and his face was white with fury.

"Go to your room, Miss Brooke," he snapped curtly. "And wait further orders there."

"Steve—"

"Better go, dear."

She went. Steve saw Scheffler run out of the castle. He strolled to a window, became aware finally that there was great excitement in Cardinal Rock. Down at the dock, a launch was ferrying men out to the submarine, the *I 59*! Her decks were alive with men putting her in shape for action. She was trying her engines, and he could see the white water astern. Then von Meuller tapped him on the shoulder.

"Doctor."

"Yes?" Steve said. "What goes on?"

"I think you know very well what goes on." There was something ominous in von Meuller's cold tone. "Evidently you have not been en-

joying your freedom on this island. I see I have been too tolerant with you and your woman friend—"

Steve took a step forward, his hands clenched. But all at once he became aware of the large pistol von Meuller was holding. "Brave man," he said contemptuously.

"That's beside the point," von Meuller replied. His words were measured and slow. "I believe I warned you not to try a double-cross. And I believe I also told you that I was a good shot. Come with me."

Steve followed him upstairs, wondering where he had slipped. There was murder in von Meuller's eyes. They entered a room he had not seen before. In the bed lay a Japanese sailor.

"Diagnose," said von Meuller, in a voice as cold as steel—and as hard.

Steve Mason had a quick look at the man and knew the game had blown up. Completely. Nastily. The chap in bed had exactly the same ail-



*Steve felt a red hot wire  
pass under his arm.*

ment as all the others in the barracks. Steve replaced the sheets and turned around. He said nothing.

"What kind of fool did you take me for?" Now, at last, anger rippled the German's smooth surface. "What made you think I wouldn't investigate myself? This man was whole and healthy. I dosed with the same medicine you used on the seamen. And this is what happened to him! You and your smart medical tricks—you—"

Steve knew von Meuller was going to kill him. All at once he lunged forward and grabbed the German's gun hand. Then Steve walloped him with his right. Von Meuller fell against the wall, but kept his grasp on the pistol.

Dashing out of the room, Steve evaded the first shot.

The sound of it was terrifically loud; he had no idea a pistol could

make so much noise. He raced down the hall to Brooke's room, opened the door and went in. To his amazement, Lindsey was already with her brother. Steve tried to lock the door but there was no key. He grabbed a bureau and shoved it bodily in front of the door.

"Jig's up," he panted. "He's learned the truth. This is the last mile!"

Brooke gasped, "They are going to leave, Steve. I am just below the radio room here—I heard the code message coming in—translated it. It was in German but I understood enough of it—the submarine is sailing—"

"Sailing? What for? Where?"

There was a shot outside. The door splintered as a bullet ripped through.

"Troop transports—for Australia—*Queen Mary*—*Queen Elizabeth*—loaded with men for reinforcement of defenses against the Japs—going to skirt southward—off of Australia's western coastline. We ought to warn

them—this sub will rendezvous with others east of Java—

"We must warn the convoy—get naval reinforcement—change course—these subs are terribly fast under the surface and faster atop the sea—"

The door was smashed outside and it flew open partly. There was a single shot. Brooke jerked in his bed. Lindsey screamed and backed against the wall. There was a bullet hole through Brooke's head. He was dead.

Von Meuller's head poked through the opened door. He fired at Steve.

Steve felt a red hot wire pass under his left arm. He gripped at himself and he fell. Other than the heat, there was no pain. Von Meuller roared, "That does both of them.

Osaki, stay and watch these corpses and this woman till we return!"

Von Meuller was gone. A Japanese sailor took over, with a gun in his hand.

Steve saw him through one half-opened eye as he reposed on the floor. He was a very live corpse, he decided. The bullet had grazed his ribs on the left side. He was bleeding, but it didn't hurt. He had full power of his faculties and, surprisingly, full physical power still. He was not dead yet, as he intended to prove.

*NEXT MONTH: The destiny of two large British transports rests in the hands of a wounded man and a frightened girl—both under armed guard. What is Steve's plan?*



### ***Part Time Profits***

In past months, a very substantial number of men and women from nearly all walks of life have made welcome additions to their incomes by introducing Coronet to others. Representing Coronet in your community or your neighborhood provides a simple and dignified means of securing extra pleasures which you might otherwise be unable to afford. At the same time, too, this extra-income activity has another less monetary reward—the knowledge that you will be introducing others to Coronet's illuminating and entertaining editorial content. Probably there are enough prospective Coronet readers in your own circle of friends to give you a handsome return, since the remuneration is more than generous. If you are interested in joining the rapidly growing number of men and women who are thus securing extra-income profits by acting as part-time Coronet Representatives in their communities, you need only write to Richard Harrington, Coronet, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois. Promptly upon receipt of your request, all necessary particulars will be forwarded to you.

## Why Is a Serial?

Reading Project letters on Coronet's new Streamlined Novel, we were moved to comment briefly here on a rather fundamental point in question.

Namely, *why* is a serial? We thought you might be interested in hearing an answer from *our* end of the table.

Actually, we think, there could only be two answers. One would be that readers for some reason honestly prefer to read a feature part by part, over several issues. This answer we reject on the simple grounds that we've never met such a reader.

The other and, we feel, more acceptable reason is that the serial or continued form of feature enables a magazine to include a feature many times average length, by splitting it into several shorter parts. Obviously it would be impossible to run so long

a feature in a single issue, for to do so would be to distort the balance of appeal. And it is precisely that balance, in our opinion, which makes a general magazine, such as Coronet, so enthusiastically received.

Accordingly, in answer to the demand of readers that Coronet introduce some longer form of fiction, we initiated the Streamlined Novel in four parts—subject, of course, to reader acceptance. It would hardly have been fair to those who can take their fiction or leave it alone if we had devoted 40 pages in one issue to just one story!

Now our Project editor points out that correspondence on the Streamlined Novel is the heaviest and hottest ever.

Under these circumstances, any decision on our part must be deferred until all the evidence is in.

## The Coronet Dividend Coupon

(Clip and Mail this Coupon)



### READER DIVIDEND COUPON No. 17

Reprint Editor, Coronet Magazine,  
919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Please send me one unfolded reprint of the gatefold subject indicated below. I understand that I may receive the gatefold, *The Final Action against the Bismarck*, as my free June reprint dividend, by checking the box next to it. I understand, also, that I may obtain either, or both, of the alternative dividends at 10c each (to cover cost of production and handling charges), if I so indicate.

- ☐ "Terry and the Pirates" (enclose 10c)
- ☐ The Final Action against the *Bismarck*: Painting by Montague Dawson (no charge)
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## **The Coronet Workshop**

### **RESULTS OF BALLOTING ON PROJECT #19**

With replies to Project No. 19 (Serials) still rolling in, we find ourselves nursing an editorial bombshell.

You certainly felt strongly about this serial question. Project No. 19 topped all others in the number of entries. Most of you who wrote in were loud in your praises of Oscar Schisgall's story. But so far as being able to deduce a definite editorial policy from your letters—well, we were stymied.

For one thing, you gave the same reasons for suspending serials as for continuing them. By way of example,

a number of contestants asked that serials be suspended because of the war. But an almost equal number said the war was a good reason for keeping serial form in Coronet!

In fairness to Coronet readers, therefore, we are exercising our editorial prerogative to suspend judgment on this project.

And as long as we are going to re-read and re-consider, we'll be glad to hear from those of you who have not yet expressed an opinion. Although the prize contest is closed, your letters still will be appreciated.

### **WINNERS OF THE AWARDS FOR PROJECT #19**

For the best letters on Project No. 19, first prize has been awarded to Mary Schoenhorn, Santa Barbara, California; second prize to Gordon O. Bjornberg, Atwater, Minnesota, and third prize to P. P. Pitkin, Montpelier, Vermont.

## **Project #23**

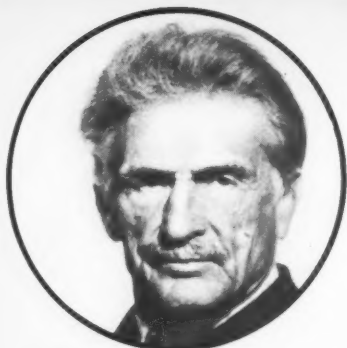
### **"THE BEST I KNOW"**

On page 44, Coronet presents for the fourth consecutive month, a comparatively new type of feature—the two-page spread, *The Best I Know*. As a more humorously slanted department than is usual in Coronet, we felt it offered a pleasant change of pace. But what do *you* think?

- a. Should *The Best I Know* series be continued regularly?
- b. Should it be discontinued and something else substituted?
- c. Should this type of feature be expanded in future issues?

There is a \$25 prize waiting for the reader with the best answer, supported by reasons for his opinion. Second best letter wins \$15, and third prize is \$5. Entries must be sent, postmarked not later than June 25th, to Coronet Workshop, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

Manuscripts, photographs and other materials submitted for publication should be addressed to CORONET, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois, and must be accompanied by postage or by provision for payment of carrying charges if their return is desired in the event of non-purchase. No responsibility will be assumed for loss or damage of unsolicited materials submitted. Subscribers' notices of change of address must be received one month before they are to take effect. Both old and new addresses should be given.



**Bernarr Macfadden** (p. 15)



**Marquis W. Childs** (p. 97)



**Priscilla Jaquith** (p. 34)



**Clyde Beatty** (p. 151)

## *Between These Covers*

... Made to order for a man who has been preaching *Physical Culture* for decades is Bernarr Macfadden's new job in the Office of Civilian Defense: Coordinator of Hiking and Walking for the Hale America Committee . . . Marquis Childs, covering wartime Washington for the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, says New York is peaceful and quiet by comparison . . . Priscilla Jaquith confesses that though she has written all kinds of newspaper and magazine stories about flying, she has never been up in a plane . . . Animal Trainer Clyde Beatty knows fear whenever he goes in the Big Cage—but he goes in anyway.





VICTORY  
BUY  
UNITED  
STATES  
WAR  
BONDS  
AND  
STAMPS

